

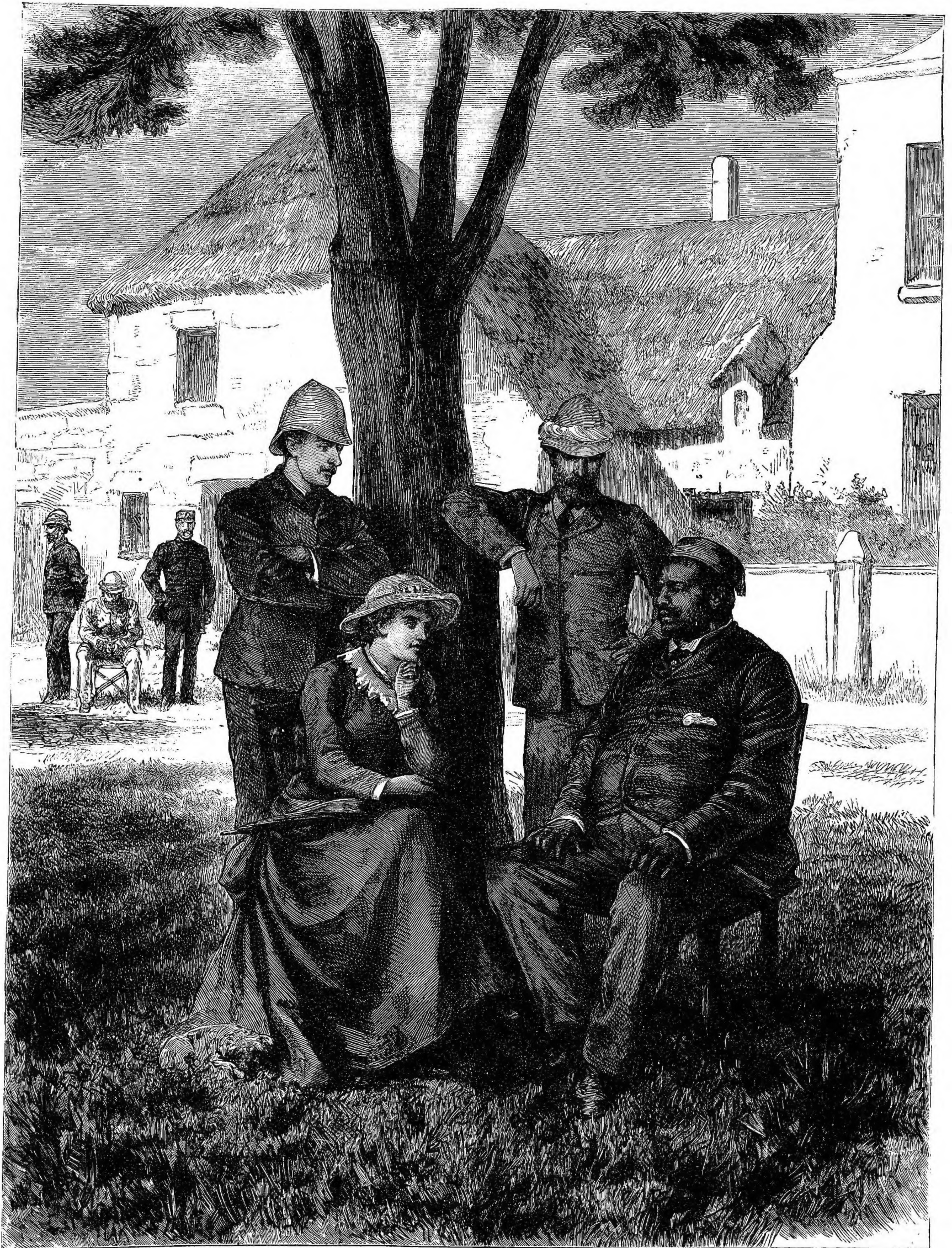
THE GEOGRAPHIC

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THE ZULU DIFFICULTY—INTERVIEW BETWEEN CETEWAYO AND LADY FLORENCE DIXIE AT OUDE MOLEN

Topics of the Week

REFORM IN ENGLAND.—The fiftieth anniversary of the passing of the first Reform Bill has naturally suggested many reflections as to the change which was effected in English political life by that great measure. It is not going too far to describe it as a revolution wrought by peaceful means. Before 1832 England was really governed by the aristocracy. The House of Commons nominally represented the people, but the members belonged to the aristocratic class, and most of them owed their seats directly to the influence of powerful landowners. Only very ignorant persons would contend that this system led to no good results. An aristocracy is always proud of the highest traditions of its country, and the English aristocracy gave proof of this by creating the British Empire, and by supporting the cause of national independence and freedom in every part of the civilised world. A new and powerful class had, however, grown up, and it would have been impossible without civil war to exclude it permanently from what it conceived to be its political rights. It is scarcely accurate to speak of the first Reform Bill as a democratic measure, for those whom it enfranchised were in the main the mercantile classes. The first real step towards democracy was the passing of the second Reform Bill, the full consequences of which we have not even yet had an opportunity of thoroughly testing. Has England benefitted, on the whole, by the shifting of what may be called the political centre of gravity? The answer to this question will depend on our conception of the elements of which national welfare consists. If it be assumed that our greatness sprang chiefly from the strong imperial feeling which was represented most prominently by the elder and the younger Pitt, it must be admitted that we have lost much by the diminution of aristocratic influence. On the other hand, the majority of the English people are better off than they were fifty years ago, and by means of our educational system we have succeeded in elevating the tone of classes with whom it would have been thought ridiculous at one time to associate the word education at all. Besides, there are now in England no important sources of popular discontent; at any rate, there are none which we may not hope to remove by constitutional methods.

GARIBALDI.—The Italians are a demonstrative people, and the death of the great patriot, who strove so hard and successfully for the restoration of Italian unity, has naturally aroused the most ardent manifestations of grief throughout the Peninsula. Rarely has such universal and heartfelt mourning been so genuinely exhibited by a whole nation, and in this Italy presents a striking contrast to many a neighbouring country, and not least to France, to quote one instance, whose shabby treatment of the memory of the "Liberator of the Territory" is still fresh in the memory of all. It is true that M. Thiers added no territory to the dominions of France, while Garibaldi was the means of raising Italy from a virtual principedom to a now acknowledged European Power; but it must not be forgotten that the old Frenchman, when a veteran of sixty winters, bravely took the helm at the darkest hour of his country's need, and did not quit his post until France was restored to her old place in European Councils. Yet when he died his countrymen preferred to dwell upon his failings rather than upon his virtues, and two years later a Minister could not be found to unveil a statue to him. Not that for a moment we would compare the two men; but the unanimity with which all parties in Italy, save an infinitesimal fraction of Ultras, have agreed to sink their party differences, and join in doing honour to the benefactor of their common country, can hardly fail to make as deep an impression as the rare spectacle of a nation evincing gratitude to a patriot dying a full score of years after the accomplishment of his task. Since that time even Garibaldi's best friends must admit that he has achieved little, and that his rashness has frequently wrought much mischief. His countrymen, however, have forgotten his trifling failings, and only remember that unselfish, all-absorbing patriotism which formed the leading feature of his life, and without which Italy might even now be dragging herself with weary steps towards the goal which he long since enabled her to reach. From King to Republican, there have been few Italians this week who have not in some way or other added to the general tribute of sorrow which the nation has been offering to the memory of the last of the men whom the Italians appropriately term the "Re-makers of Italy."

EGYPT.—The chief tendency of the events of the last week in Egypt has been to reveal the extent of the influence which is still possessed by the Porte. A Conference was proposed by England and France, and the scheme was not rejected by any of the great Powers; but it had to be postponed in consequence of Turkish opposition. The military preparations at Alexandria, which caused much serious anxiety, were continued until it pleased the Sultan to direct that they should be stopped. At present a Turkish Commission is investigating at Cairo the causes of revolutionary agitation, and the whole of Europe awaits with anxiety the result of its deliberations. All this offers a strange comment on the popular notion that the Ottoman Empire is virtually extinct; and it surely ought to suggest a doubt whether Mr. Gladstone's "bag and baggage" policy was, after all, the most

prudent which could have been adopted. Powerful as the Sultan may be, however, he has too much good sense not to see that it would be impossible for him in the end to accomplish any plans hostile to the permanent interests of the Western Powers. All the approaches to Egypt are in their possession, so that it would be easy for them to prevent the landing of a Turkish force, or, if it were permitted to land, to enforce the conditions previously agreed upon. Whether the Turkish Commission is likely to re-establish order, it is impossible to say with confidence. The chances seem to be that Arabi Pasha has been in constant secret communication with the Porte; and if this be so, the aim of the Commission will no doubt be to patch up some arrangement which might afford an excuse for fresh intervention at a more convenient season. Mr. Gladstone has so many other troubles to deal with that he might be inclined to accept a solution of this kind; but the general belief of influential foreign residents in Egypt is that there can be no really satisfactory settlement unless Arabi Pasha is thoroughly crushed, and the authority of the Khedive firmly established. To express contentment with anything short of this would be simply to prepare the way for new and perhaps more formidable complications.

OUR CONVICTS.—Once more has a discussion been raised regarding that most difficult of questions, the treatment of our criminal classes. Indefatigable Mr. Tallack, roused by the declaration of the murderer Fury, that he preferred death at the hangman's hands to prolonged existence in a convict prison, has protested in energetic language against the treatment of convicts by those in authority. He bases his charges not alone upon the statements of the prisoners themselves, who could hardly be termed unprejudiced witnesses, but upon the complaints of the warders, who, we are told, allege want of "humane and considerate conduct on the part of their superiors," and upon the numerous convict outbreaks which have taken place during the past few years. On the other hand, the Home Secretary, placing a charmingly childlike trust in his "competent and reliable Visitors," declares his prisons to be, "perhaps, the best-conducted institutions in this country." It was prudent of Sir W. Harcourt to prefix the saving adverb to such a very sweeping statement, for, while allowing for exaggeration on the part of Mr. Tallack's friends, there is little doubt that there is plenty of room for improvement in our prison system. During the past few years several works have been published by persons who have suffered penal servitude, giving a more or less impartial account of prison life. From a mere cursory perusal of their statements—leaving their individual grievances completely out of the question—there is evidently a considerable amount of petty tyranny and favouritism on the part of the warders, of intercommunication between the prisoners themselves, of corrupt influences of "old hands" at work upon minds new to crime, which no official Visitor, however "competent and reliable," can possibly detect. That no little laxity exists at times is made manifest by the recent "want of vigilance" admitted on Tuesday in the House by Sir W. Harcourt. This was a case where forty convicts, provided with what Mr. Justice Lopes designates as "murderous weapons," were in charge of one warder armed simply with a short sword. Official Visitors are useful in their way, but to expect that they can become acquainted with the inner life of an institution such as a penal prison is manifestly absurd. There are plenty of men serving out their time whose evidence would throw great light upon this subject—not the average gaol-birds who look upon Portland or Dartmoor as their natural home, but men of education, who, yielding to temptation in a moment of weakness, have brought themselves under the ban of the law. The testimony of such men as these, elicited by a Parliamentary Commission, would not only prove whether or no our convict-system is as perfect as the Home Secretary would infer, but, in the event of the latter contingency, might also serve to elucidate the problem of how to remedy the defects which may be proved to exist.

MR. DAVITT'S SCHEME.—It is significant that *The Times* should have thought it worth while to report Mr. Davitt's speech at Liverpool as fully as if it had been an important manifesto by a Prime Minister. We may doubt, however, whether, if Mr. Davitt abides by the scheme which he expounded on that occasion, he will maintain the influence which he has hitherto exerted in Ireland. His proposal is that the land of Ireland should be taken possession of by the State, and granted in perpetuity to the present holders, subject to an elaborate system of taxation, from some of the proceeds of which the landlords would be compensated. It may be asserted without much hesitation that this plan is not likely to find many supporters among Irish tenants. What the discontented classes want is not to have the claims of the landlords exchanged for a different set of claims by the State, which, as they know, would necessarily be more rigidly enforced than those they are at present expected to meet. Their desire is to be delivered from the necessity of paying rent without being troubled by new responsibilities. Probably, therefore, they will dismiss Mr. Davitt's suggestion as altogether unpractical; or, if they pretend to favour it, they will do so only in the hope that in reality they will be indirectly working for their own much simpler solution. Mr. Davitt talks as if "the nationalisation of the land" had never been heard of before; but in reality it is a crotchet with which everybody who has given attention to such subjects is familiar. It was set forth long ago by Mr. Herbert

Spencer, who, in one of his latest books, "Political Institutions," shows that he still maintains his belief in its efficacy, not only for Ireland, but for all countries. If by any chance the system could be established in Ireland, its first result would be to intensify the hatred of the peasantry for England, which would be denounced for burdening the land with unjust taxes. A landlord may evict or not as he pleases, but the State would have no alternative but to evict in the event of any of its tenants being either unable or unwilling to discharge their obligations.

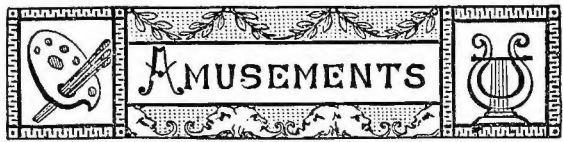
THE VIBRATION OF TRAINS.—Railway companies are doubtless very justly blamed as a rule, but occasionally they deserve a word of sympathy. People are too apt to regard them as having been especially created for the payment of large sums of money as compensation for the slightest inconvenience which they may cause, and to totally forget how indispensable their existence has become to the exigencies of modern life. Nowhere are trains more swift, more steady, more punctual, or more frequent than in England, and yet nowhere are railway companies so roundly abused from every possible point of the compass. The latest grievance is the vibration caused by the use of the continuous brake on the Underground Railway, and the Duke of Westminster has written an alarmist letter to *The Times*, complaining that certain denizens of Pimlico are finding their houses scarcely habitable, and are fearing that they are likely to fall from excessive vibration. Moreover, he complains, there is no legal remedy for damage from this cause, and a test case tried some years since resulted in a defeat of the "vibrated resident." Now there are very few parts of Inner London which are free from vibration. Take, for instance, a well-known street not a hundred miles from Bedford Square. The rumble of the market carts in the early morning causes a tremor in the houses which makes the unaccustomed visitor fancy himself in a region of earthquakes. Even in the Strand, a peal from St. Clement's bell-tower causes the gas-jets to leap about in the most erratic manner. Take again the suburbs, where the rattle of the tram-cars creates a concert amid the china ornaments upstairs and the dish-covers downstairs. Vibration is one of the inevitable penalties of London life, and we cannot help thinking that the fault, as well as the remedy, lies in the builders' hands. Modern London houses, we are sorry to say, are of the flimsiest construction, and if one appears likely to fall from the vibration of a train, surely it is time that it was replaced by a stronger edifice, seeing that Underground London is daily extending, and that the vibrating traffic is constantly on the increase. For years the public and the Government have been urging upon railway companies the necessity of adopting some kind of continuous brake, and it would be somewhat hard now to demand compensation for compliance with this request, while to expect that machinery driven at high speed can be suddenly brought to a stop without vibration is a manifest absurdity. Nor would it be any the less absurd to demand—as has been suggested—that the brakes should not be used for short distances, practically when they are most wanted. As we have said, the remedy is in the builders' hands, and let them be called upon to apply it.

THE HAMILTON SALE.—Much regret has been expressed in Scotland at the breaking-up of the splendid collection of books and works of Art in Hamilton Palace. The Hamilton family played at one time a very prominent part in Scottish history, and the dismantling of its principal seat seems to many Scotchmen like the violent interruption of a national tradition. Besides, the treasures of Hamilton Palace are so valuable that they were often spoken of with pride, apart from the historic associations which give a considerable proportion of them a special interest. The sale will attract a crowd of foreign purchasers, but it may be hoped that few of the best contents of the Palace will be allowed to go out of the country. The grandfather of the present Duke of Hamilton, although eccentric, was a man of fine taste, and spared no cost in order to gratify it; and many of the paintings bought by him would form a magnificent addition to the National Gallery. The most widely-known picture in the collection is Rubens' "Daniel in the Lions' Den," but it includes hardly less valuable works by Botticelli, Leonardo, and other masters. The authorities at South Kensington will also have a brilliant opportunity of enriching their institution; and there are books and manuscripts (among others one beautifully illustrated by Botticelli) which ought not to have any other resting-place than the British Museum. It is hard to obtain public money for objects of this kind; but the present opportunity is so unusual that it would be almost a national disgrace not to profit by it.

CAN LADIES WALK OUT ALONE?—A somewhat amusing controversy is being carried on in a contemporary, mainly intended for feminine perusal, as to whether it is proper for young ladies to take a walk in London without an elderly companion. This has culminated in a solemn editorial in which we are told very distinctly that it is not. "No young lady would think of walking in the park," we are informed, "for exercise," in the streets the rush of carriages, cabs, and vehicles renders it "unsafe for ladies to walk together if at all nervous," and then they are warned of the slippery state of the watered streets, of the dust of the unwatered thoroughfares, of the risk of making themselves conspicuous by hailing a cab with an up-turned sunshade; while the

young married lady is told that if she walks alone down Bond Street or Piccadilly she lays herself open to be considered "very fast or bad style." Ladies who have no maid or suitable companion are accordingly urged to avoid all "conspicuous places," and exercise a "little arrangement and forethought, and a good deal of discretion and prudence." On reading this and similar effusions from self-styled "society people" an intelligent foreigner would at once picture London streets as a perfect pandemonium of wild Mohicans, and the traditionally venturesome English "Mees" as a timid, nervous being, as tender as a hot-house plant, and as friable as Venetian glass. These opinions, however, absurd as they are to Londoners, are shared by a certain number of people unaccustomed to London life, and the proposition that young ladies can venture out unprotected by a male companion or a *chaperone* of a "certain age" is scouted as most dangerous and improper. As a matter of fact, London streets, particularly those in the crowded fashionable quarters, which these good people seem to regard with such holy horror, are far safer than country lanes, and if a lady meets with an annoyance, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it may be attributed to her own unintentional imprudence. Such is the view taken by other lady correspondents of the journal in question, and such must be the experience of thousands of ladies who walk out unattended every day of their lives. Apart from the absurdity of the eternal *chaperone* theory, which has an amusing flavour of Oriental seclusion about it, it tends to destroy that independence of mind which has always been the distinguishing characteristic of every true British girl in whatever circle of society she may move.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued, as an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT, a PORTRAIT of the Late GENERAL GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.



JUNE 15.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.—MR. GEORGE WATTS'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT.—Messdames Christine Nilsson, Olga Bergh, Sembich, Trebelli, and Marie Rose; MM. Edward Lloyd, Massart, Foli, and De Reszke; Solo Pianoforte, Madame Sophie Menter and Mr. Willem Coenen; Violoncello, Mons. Hollman. Conductors, Sir Julius Benedict, Signor Randegger, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Kingsbury. Tickets at Cramer's, 201, Regent Street, and the usual Agents.

LYCEUM.—Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING. EVERY EVENING, at 8, ROMEO AND JULIET. Romeo, Mr. Irving; Juliet, Miss Ellen Terry; Nurse, Mrs. Stirling; Messrs. Fernandez, Terriss, Howe, &c. MORNING PERFORMANCE, Saturday, June 10, at 2 o'clock. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) 10 to 5. Benefit of Miss Ellen Terry and 100th Performance of "Romeo and Juliet" June 24.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place. "NOBODY'S FAULT," by Arthur Law, Music by Hamilton Clark; and "SMALL AND EARLY," a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s., Stalls 3s. and 5s. No fees.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall Mall East. From 10 till 6. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d., Illustrated, 1s. ALFRED D. FRIPP, Secretary.

"THE LADY OF THE WOODS," and "THE LORD OF THE GLEN."—These two remarkable Engravings, together with the ORIGINAL DRAWINGS by J. MacWHIRTER, A.R.S.W., are now being exhibited by Messrs. GLADWELL BROTHERS, at THE CITY OF LONDON FINE ART GALLERY, 20 and 21, Gracechurch Street. Admission by private card.

MISS MADELENA CRONIN will give a PIANOFORTE RECITAL at the ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC on THURSDAY EVENING, June 15th, to commence at 8 o'clock. Assisted by Madame Jose Sherrington, Miss Helen Meason, Miss Frederica Fedden, and Signor Pezza.

FRENCH LECTURES will be delivered by Dr. DE PRESSENSÉ at WILLIS'S ROOMS, King Street, St. James's, on JUNE 15th, 17th, and 19th, at 2.30 P.M., on L'ORIGINE DE L'HOMME, Au Point de Vue des Discussions Actuelles. His Grace the Duke of Argyll, His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and His Excellency the French Ambassador will preside. Tickets, 1s. each. Reserved Seats, 2s. 6d.; for the course of three lectures, 6s. To be obtained at Austin's, St. James's Hall, Piccadilly; Hatchard's, 187, Piccadilly; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Nisbet's, 21, Berners Street, Oxford Street; Hodder and Stoughton's, 27, Paternoster Row; Hays, 26, Old Bond Street, and 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, E.C.; and at the Office of the Society. Dr. De Pressensé will also give a Conference Religieuse in St. Andrew's Hall, 14, Newman Street, Oxford Street, on SUNDAY, July 18th, at 3.30 P.M.—CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.

THE LION AT HOME. By Rosa Bonheur.—This splendid chef-d'œuvre, the latest production of this celebrated Artist. Also the complete engraved works of Rosa Bonheur. Now on Exhibition at L. H. LEFEVRE'S GALLERY, 12, King Street, St. James's, S.W. Admission One Shilling. 10 to 6.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS.—THE FORTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is now OPEN from 9 till 7. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d. H. F. PHILLIPS, Sec. Gallery, 53, Pall Mall.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.—SUMMER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN, from 9 till 7. Admission One Shilling, Season Tickets, Five Shillings.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of Pictures by Artists of the British and Foreign Schools is NOW OPEN at Thomas M'Lean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket.—Admission, including Catalogue, 1s.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS, "ECCE HOMO" ("Full of Divine dignity,"—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION," with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," and all his other great pictures at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street. "Daily 10 to 6. One Shilling.

DE NEUVILLE'S "SAVING THE QUEEN'S COLOUR AT ISANDULA," "THE LAST SLEEP OF THE BRAVE," (These the property of the National Fine Art Association), and "THE CEMETERY OF ST. PRIVAT." Now on view at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, 133, New Bond Street, two doors from the Grosvenor Gallery.—Admission ONE SHILLING.

BRIGHTON.—THE NEW PULLMAN LIMITED EXPRESS, Lighted by Electricity, and fitted with the Westinghouse Automatic Brake, now runs between Victoria and Brighton.

From BRIGHTON, Weekdays, at 10.0 a.m., and 3.50 p.m. This New Train, specially constructed and elegantly fitted up by the Pullman Car Company, consists of four Cars, each over 58 feet in length.

The Car "Beatrice" (Drawing-room) contains also a Ladies' Boudoir and Dressing Room.

The Car "Louise" (Parlor) contains also a separate apartment for a private party.

The Car "Victoria" contains a Buffet for Tea, Coffee, and other Light Refreshments, also a Newspaper Counter.

The Car "Maud" is appropriated for Smoking.

The whole Train is lighted by Electricity, the system being that of Edison's incandescent Lamps in connection with Faure's system of Accumulators.

Lavatories are provided in each Car, and a separate compartment for Servants is also provided in one of the Cars.

The Staff attached to this Train consist of a Chief Conductor, Assistant Conductor, a Page Boy, and two Guards.

There is Electrical communication between the several Cars and the Conductors; a passenger travelling in any one of the Cars can therefore call the attention of the Conductor by pressing one of the small Electric discs.

There is a covered gangway communication between each Car, thereby enabling the Conductors to pass from Car to Car.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY.—A Cheap First Class Train from Victoria at 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

A Pullman Drawing Room Car is run on the 10.45 a.m. Train from Victoria to Brighton, returning from Brighton by the 8.30 p.m. Train. Special Cheap Fare from Victoria, including Pullman Car, 13s., available by these Trains only.

Tickets and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; City Office, Hays' Agency, Cornhill; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations.

(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

NOW OPEN.
THE GRAPHIC GALLERY,
199, STRAND.
TEN YEARS' HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND.
A SERIES OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS FROM NATURE
BY
THE MANAGER OF THE GRAPHIC



THE ZULU DIFFICULTY—LADY FLORENCE DIXIE AND CETEWAYO

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE, who was the correspondent of the *Morning Post* during the recent campaign against the Boers, paid a visit during her stay at Cape Town to Cetewayo. The ex-King had signified in a letter signed by his own hand (we subjoin an engraving of the signature) the pleasure which it would give

CETEWAYO

him to receive "his friend;" and Lady Florence Dixie, from her earnest advocacy of his cause, can lay good claim to that title. On her arrival at the place of his confinement, Oude Molen, the King came to the door, and shook hands with her cordially. In her account of the interview, at which only her husband, Sir Beaumont Dixie, and the King's interpreter, Mr. Samuelson, were present, her Ladyship states that Cetewayo had greatly altered and aged in the six months which had elapsed since she had seen him previously, and the interpreter stated that he was fretting a good deal, and subject to fits of depression. Lady Florence Dixie gave him an account of her visit to Zululand, and in reply to her statement that some of the chief men had expressed an earnest wish to have their King back, he exclaimed, "I am sure that it is the wish of the Zulu nation that I should return; it is only those who are frightened and held in check by John Dunn that oppose my restoration." Later on he broke in with, "All I love is in Zululand; my heart is there, where lies my father's grave! I am heart-sick and weary with waiting. When will England be just, and let me return? Do you think that because I am a black man I cannot feel, or suffer the less by this long, long and weary captivity? England has given the Transvaal back to the Boers, Basutoland to the Basutos, Sekukuni is restored to his people, and all are free but I. How is it so? What have I done that I should be so treated? When I fought against you it was to defend my country. I was taken prisoner, and I felt that one stronger than I had beaten me, and that power I acknowledged. But now you keep me here, where I am weary and sick at heart. I have appealed to England, whom they tell me is great and just—to her Queen, whom they say is merciful—but my prayer is unheeded, and I am here." His whole bearing is described by Lady Florence Dixie as dignified and majestic, neither flurried nor excited. "There was a pleasing sadness in his voice which was very touching." After a few encouraging words from his fair interviewer, who assured him that public opinion was rising in his favour, he went on to complain of the delay to his request to be allowed to visit England immediately. "You tell me to be patient," he said, "but have I not been so until I can be so no longer? If I am to live they must let me go. A little longer of this and I shall die." In answer to the question whether on being restored he would consent to allow John Dunn to remain in Zululand, he exclaimed, "Why should I do so? When I reigned in that country I treated John Dunn as my friend; his return was to act as a spy between me and the English Government." On leaving, Lady Florence Dixie asked whether he had any message to send to the English people. "Tell them," he replied, "that I am a King and a captive; that I am alone and helpless; that I am very sad and heartbroken; that they should not believe the ill they hear of me. Ask them to be my friend, and to help me. I have no more to say." Lady Florence Dixie comments severely on the non-fulfilment of the promise to Cetewayo that he should visit England. "Such treatment," she writes, "is causing the King the acutest suffering, and the delay is killing him by inches. Because he sought to acquaint England with the misery of his position, and through the medium of my assistance obtained the publication in the *Morning Post* of his letters to the Queen, Prince of Wales, and myself, his last friend, Mr. Samuelson, has been dismissed the Government service, and a stranger whom Cetewayo does not know has been substituted in his place. The King is now more closely guarded than ever, and no communication in writing may pass between him and his friends until it has obtained the sanction of Government. . . . Meanwhile Zululand is on the verge of insurrection . . . famine is threatening the country, and I fear that a time is fast approaching when misery and discontent will drive the natives to despair, and in despair to rebellion. They ardently desire the restoration of their king, the present system is both baneful and tyrannical, and if their grievances are not redressed a recurrence of the Zulu War disasters must assuredly take place."

THE ROYAL VISIT TO GREAT YARMOUTH

LAST week the Prince of Wales spent several days in Yarmouth. On the Wednesday he opened the new Municipal Buildings, a magnificent pile, the chief apartment of which is the Assembly Room, which is one hundred feet long by forty-five feet wide. Accompanied by Colonel Teesdale and Lord Suffield the Prince drove up to the north entrance, and received from the Mayor a silver-gilt key, with which he opened the door; he then proceeded to the Sessions Court, where the Corporation address was presented and responded to; after which he lunched with the Mayor and Corporation in the Assembly Room, and made a speech, in which he alluded to the Fisheries' Exhibition of next year as being a project of immense importance, and one which he trusted would be a great success. On the Thursday the Prince, who is Hon. Colonel of the Norfolk Artillery Militia, reviewed that regiment on the South Denes, and complimented Lord Suffield on its appearance, saying that on each of the occasions upon which he had seen it he had observed a great improvement in every way. On the following day the visit was brought to a close, but before leaving Yarmouth the Prince drove to the South Battery to witness some target practice by members of the Norfolk Artillery Militia.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES AT THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART, BLOOMSBURY

THE annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Female School of Art, Bloomsbury, took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 24th ult., under the Presidency of Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen. According to the report read by the Hon. Sec., Mr. Francis Bennoch, this school has achieved unusual success during the past year, the students having won twelve national awards in competition with other Schools of Art of the United Kingdom, and the unprecedented number of ninety third grade awards of books. There had been 203 students during the year, and 3,138 drawings, paintings, and models had been forwarded to South Kensington—the work of 157 students—an average of nearly twenty works for each student.

The prizes were distributed by Sir Philip Owen, the Queen's Gold Medal having been awarded to Miss Mary E. Harding, who also carried off the Clothworkers' Scholarship, the Queen's Scholarship to Miss Constance Wood, the Queen's Prizes to Misses Ethel Nisbet, Kate Richards, and Norah Waugh, the Gilchrist Scholarship to Misses Lilian Abraham and Otilie Amalie Bodé, and the Baroness Burdett Coutts' Scholarship to Misses Dora Crittenden and Lilian Young. Sir Philip Owen in addressing the company alluded to the success with which the school had overcome the difficulties which beset it twenty years ago, "and had since then gone on from success to success. It had an individuality which was peculiar to it, and it had had the invaluable guidance of the Superintendent, Miss Gann, and her assistants, to whose unwearied zeal, intelligence, and tact was due the high position which it occupied among the Art Schools of the Kingdom." Other speakers followed, and among them Mr. George Godwin, who regretted that the students had not come forward to compete for the prize which he had offered for cameo-cutting. He was convinced that it was an occupation for which ladies were specially adapted, and it was a matter for national regret that money should go out of the country when there was plenty of talent at home for which insufficient employment was forthcoming.

RECRUITING IN EGYPT

OUR engraving, from a sketch by a naval officer, represents a detachment of recruits, forcibly enlisted, being sent away to the garrisons at Cairo or Alexandria. The scene is suggestive of those enacted in England not a century ago, when many a man was torn from his home by the ruthless pressgang. The Egyptian pure and simple, not the dominant class of military adventurers and Circassians, are extremely averse to military service, and are frequently brought to the barracks manacled like felons.

THE BISHOP-ELECT OF NEWCASTLE

AND

THE ROYAL VISIT TO ETON

See page 584

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

See page 586 et seqq.

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING—XVIII.

"ROUGH weather and headwinds," says Mr. C. E. Frupp, our special artist, "hindered our progress the whole way from Manila to Hong Kong, so we did not reach the latter port until February 24th.

"Here the Ceylon went into dock, so I started the same evening for Canton, and arrived there early the next morning. The topography of the town is most puzzling to a stranger, and the streets are the easiest to lose one's way in I ever visited. The thoroughfares are so narrow and crowded that it is necessary to use a palanquin, and two of these vehicles going in opposite directions can only just pass each other. Over the shops are hung boards of various colours, principally black, white, red, and gold, which, together with numerous huge lanterns, make the streets look lively.

"A wall divides the city into two parts, which are respectively the Tartar and the Chinese quarters. In the former I saw some military aspirants exercising their strength. Mental acquirements are apparently little regarded among these gentry, whereas physical prowess entitles them to promotion or a commission. One wielded a huge iron bar, others performed with blocks of stone weighing 600 lb. each. Temples are numerous, and booths are often set up around them. In one of these I saw a dentist plying his trade. Another sketch depicts the town-gate."

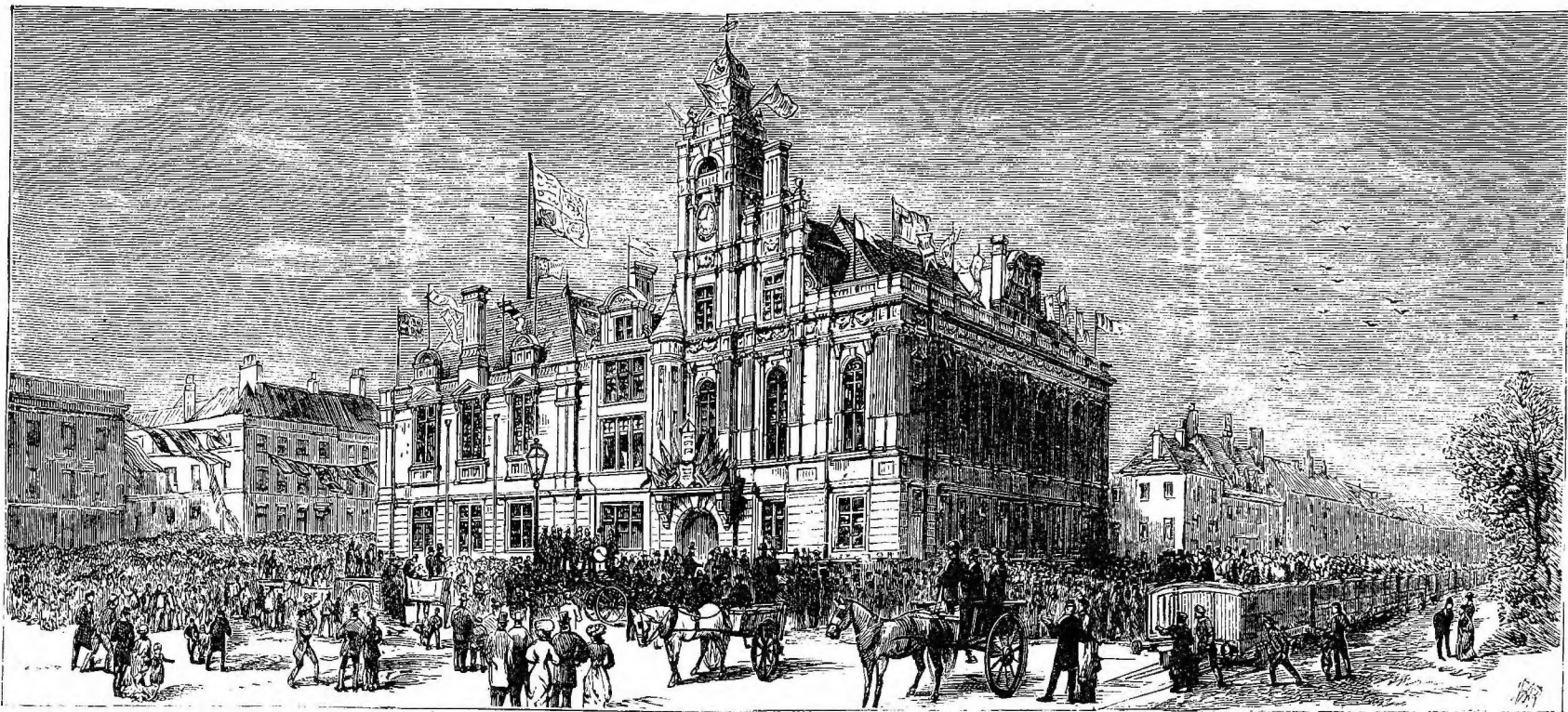
ICE IN THE ATLANTIC

DURING the past few months the north-western part of the Atlantic Ocean has been full of ice, huge "bergs" and gigantic "fields" floating southwards right across the track of vessels between Europe and America, many of which have been entangled for several days in the ice, and exposed to great danger by collision with it during heavy gales.

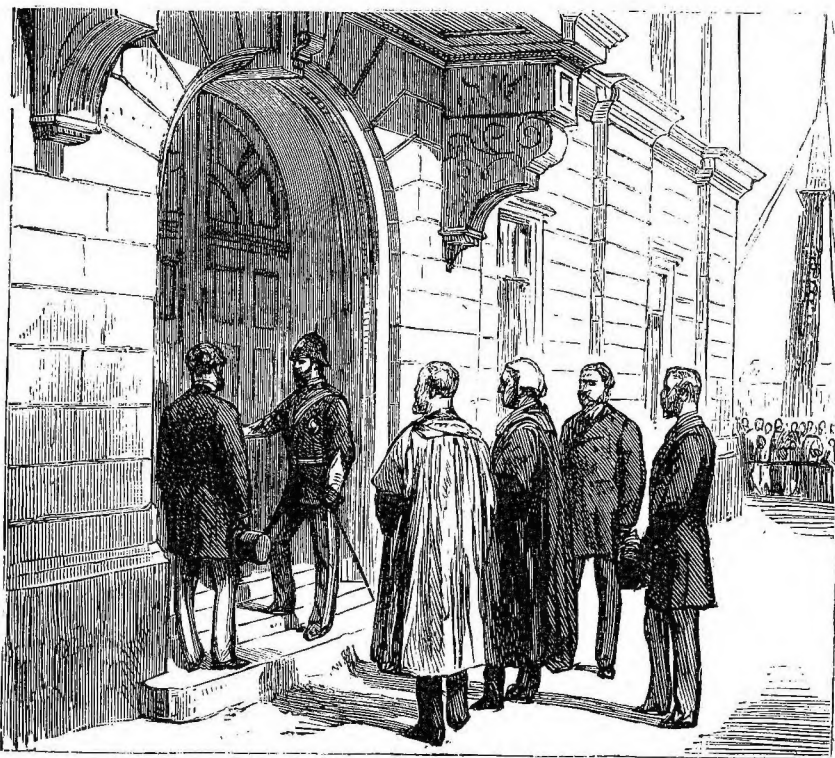
This immense flotilla of ice comes, of course, from the Arctic regions, and, as it has been almost continuous ever since January, it is considered to augur well for the success of Polar expeditions in the coming summer. Mr. J. W. Hayward, to whom we are indebted for the sketches from which our engravings are taken, says that these bergs are of fresh-water ice, some of them probably of thousands of years' formation, their age being computable by the number of stripes or belts of different colours, alternate blue, green, and brown, which give them a most beautiful appearance in the blue-green water, especially in still weather. The size of many is gigantic, and their shapes are often curious and fantastic, as may be seen in our illustrations. Note, also, that the bergs shown in the larger views are repeated in the panorama below, the former showing their telescopic aspect, and the latter their appearance to the naked eye. Mr. Hayward has since sent us a sketch (which we have not engraved) of an iceberg seen a few weeks ago, bearing a remarkable resemblance to an elephant with uplifted trunk, and therefore dubbed the "Jumbo iceberg."

THE SILVER WEDDING IN SWEDEN—VIEWS IN STOCKHOLM

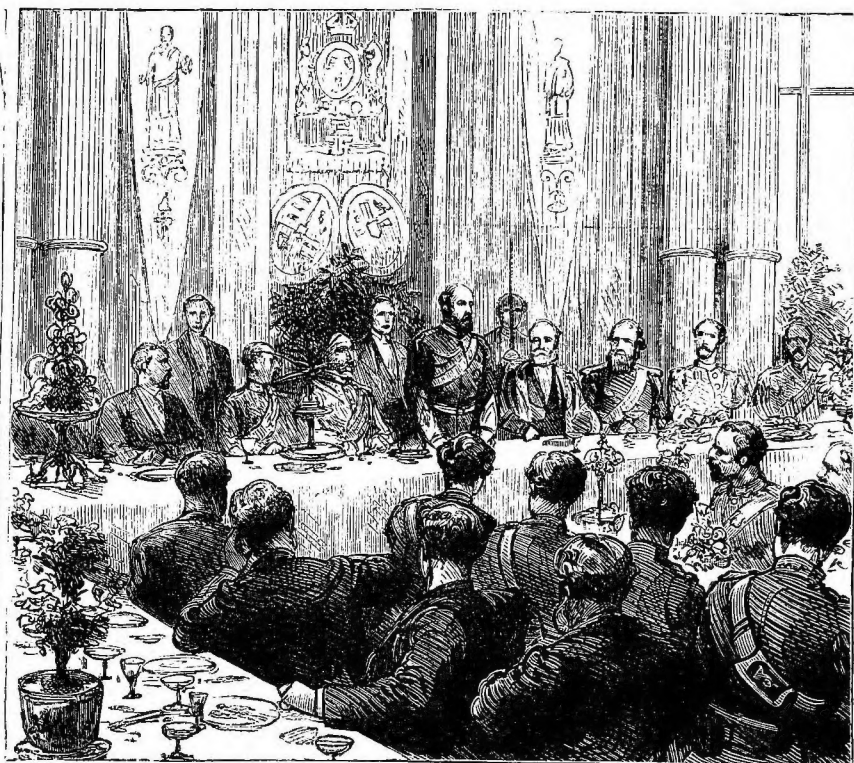
ON June 6th, 1856, Prince Oscar of Sweden married the Grand Duchess Sophia, daughter of the Duke of Nassau. In 1872 his brother, Charles XV. of Sweden and Norway, died, and he succeeded to the throne as Oscar II. This week, the Royal couple have celebrated their Silver Wedding at Stockholm. Of this interesting old city, justly termed the Venice of the North, we give a panorama and some views of the Palace and other architectural monuments. Stockholm is very beautifully situated at the influx of Lake Mälaren, the town being built on various islands and on the mainland, which are connected with each other by numerous bridges. The most picturesque survey of Stockholm and the busy traffic of its harbour is to be obtained from the Norrbro, a handsome bridge of seven arches, spanning the river which forms the principal efflux of Lake Mälaren. From one end of the bridge extends a broad massive quay, the Skeppsbro, the landing-place of the larger sea-going steamers. There stands the chief architectural feature of Stockholm, the Royal Palace, which dates from 1697, and is built in the Italian Renaissance style. The "White Sea Saloon" is so called owing to its white stuccoed walls. The ceilings are handsomely painted by Italian artists. Another prominent building is the National Museum, which contains a valuable collection of Tuscan and Egyptian antiquities. One of our illustrations depicts the Riddarholm's-Kyrka, an old Franciscan Church, which has been the burial-place of the Kings and most celebrated Swedish notabilities. There also the Kings are crowned. The building is in Gothic style, but considerably disfigured by Renaissance additions and alterations. One of its chief features is a perforated cast-iron spire, some 290 feet in height. Stockholm, apart from the beauty of its situation, is exceedingly interesting to the historian and archaeologist. Though a settlement of note from the earliest historic period, the actual city was founded about 1260 by Birger Jarl, of whom a very fine statue exists on the Riddarholm-Island. Stockholm was early fortified, and sustained two memorable sieges—one of the most memorable being in 1501, when the Danish Queen Christina defended it against the Swedes, and another in 1520, when Christina Gyllenstierna held it for the Swedes against Christian II. Our engravings are from photographs by Axel Lindahl, Stockholm.



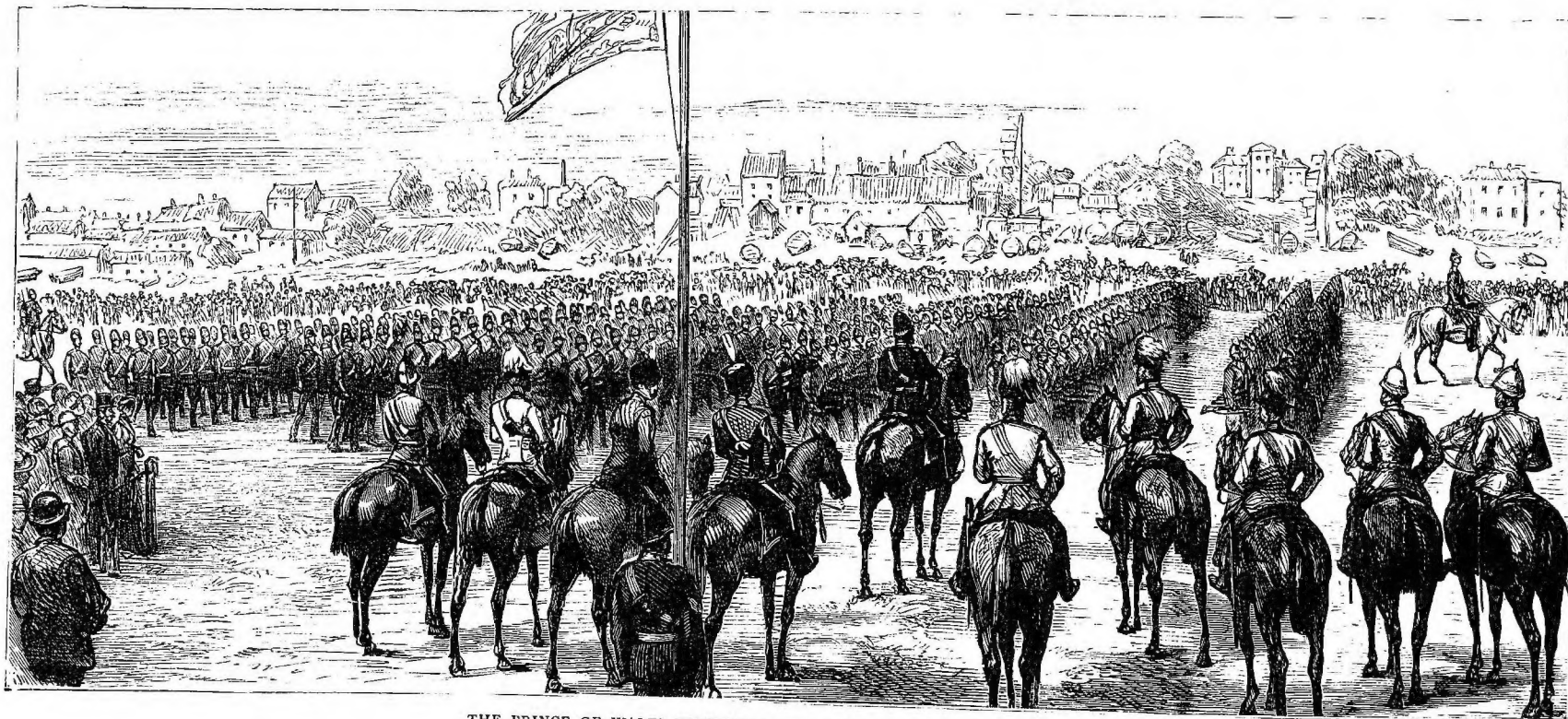
OPENING OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS



THE PRINCE OF WALES UNLOCKING THE DOOR OF THE NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDINGS



THE LUNCHEON IN THE NEW ASSEMBLY ROOM

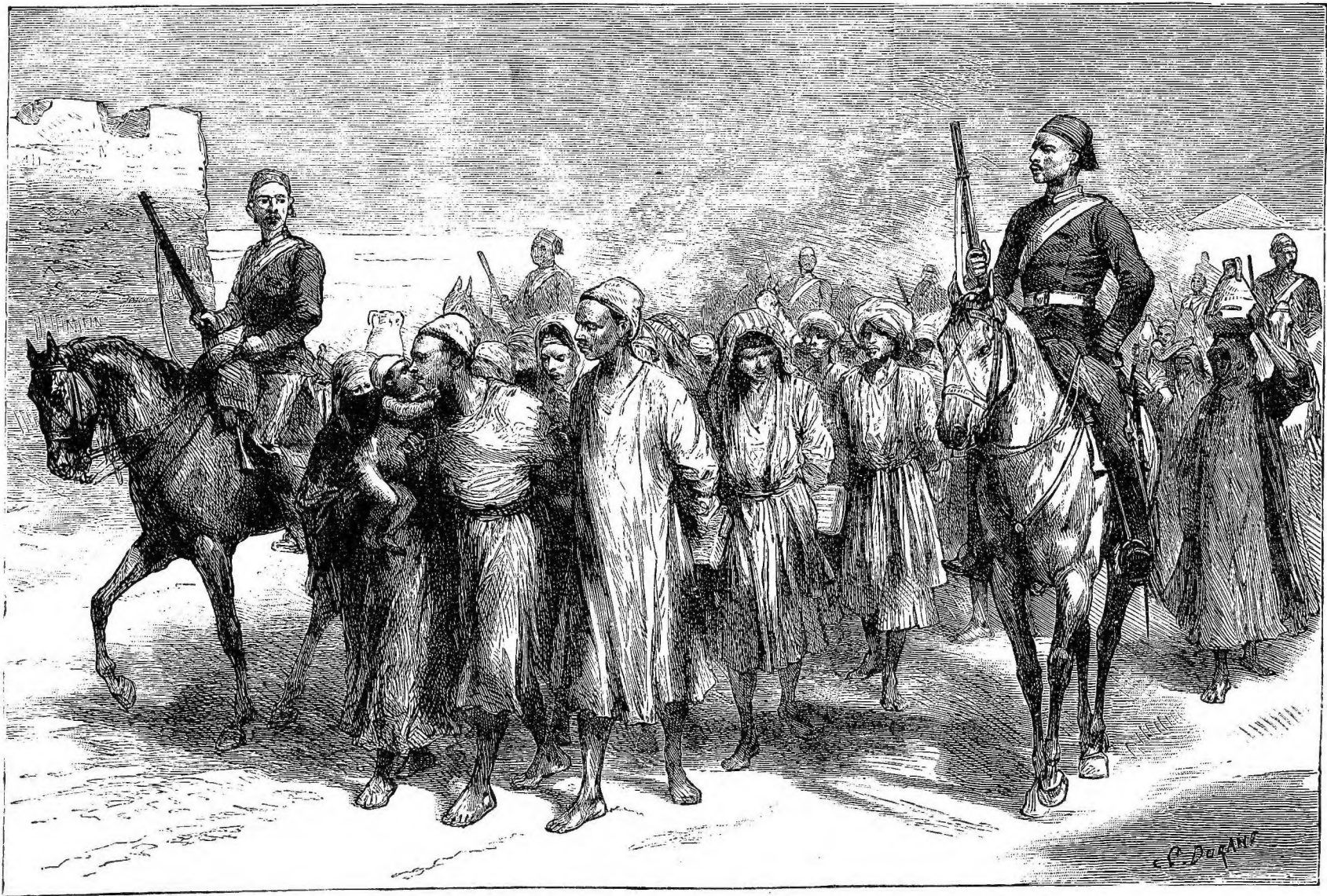


THE PRINCE OF WALES REVIEWING THE NORFOLK ARTILLERY MILITIA

THE ROYAL VISIT TO GREAT YARMOUTH



SIR P. CUNLIFFE OWEN DISTRIBUTING PRIZES TO THE STUDENTS OF THE BLOOMSBURY FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART AT THE FREEMASONS' TAVERN



THE CRISIS IN EGYPT—A DETACHMENT OF RECRUITS



THE House of Commons has been incessantly engaged throughout the week in Committee on the Prevention of Crime Bill. With the exception of one or two flashes of the original humour, the proceedings have been very dull. On Tuesday Mr. Newdegate, in a manner which to persons out of range of hearing might have suggested that he was inviting the right hon. gentleman to the funeral of his nearest relative, asked the Premier if the time had not come when urgency should be declared for the Bill? Mr. Gladstone, not to be disturbed from his conciliatory attitude by this attractive suggestion, answered that Obstruction could not yet be justly charged against the Irish members. The Premier's position sometimes makes it necessary to mince words, and put a fantastically kind construction on motives. For others who have equal opportunity of watching the course of events in the House, and who have no particular conciliatory mission, matters certainly present themselves in another light. If the debate that has gone on hour after hour throughout the week is not Obstruction, it can only be described by the most complete synonym for the tabooed word.

It is quite true that there are not, at least not so often, violent scenes. Mr. Biggar has not yet been sent aloft to the Strangers' Gallery, nor have the Irish members been expelled by wholesale. But that is due rather to their greater tact and skill than to any surcease of endeavour to prevent the House of Commons legislating. Mr. Parnell has convinced his followers that his is the better way. When he appeared fresh from Kilmainham, wearing the white flower of conciliation, he was regarded with suspicion by his colleagues. Mr. Healy assumed an attitude of sulky suspicion; Mr. Biggar looked reproachfully at the leader with whom he had spent so many cheerful nights; whilst Mr. O'Donnell, "on his conscience," must needs divide the House against Mr. Parnell's injunction. But argument, reflection, and a little observation of the new way, have convinced them that Mr. Parnell knows best. In the result there is not quite so much sound and fury as last year; but the progress still signifies nothing, or comparatively nothing. What is done now is that relays of the speaking power of the Land League are regularly formed. Two or three undertake to keep the bridge for a given number of hours. Then others come on, and towards midnight the whole assemble, and the House is generally treated to a *feu de joie*.

On Tuesday night Mr. O'Kelly, whose manners have not that repose which mark the caste of his more distinguished companion in Kilmainham, suddenly broke bounds, and revelled for a few minutes in the old style of last Session. For some days Mr. Forster has been absent, with the most desirable effect upon the peace and order of the House. The mere sight of the late Chief Secretary acts upon the Land Leaguers as a red flag upon a bull. People who did not notice his entrance on Tuesday night must have felt sensible of a change in the character of the debate. The Irish members grew restless, and began to talk across the House at the rugged figure on the corner bench behind the Treasury Bench. At this time Mr. Forster had not said a word. It was enough that he was there, and that he showed himself alive to what was going on. Even on the cold temperament and cautious manner of Mr. Parnell the presence of the late Chief Secretary worked quite a marvellous change, and permitted the startled Committee to see what fires burned beneath this deferential manner lately put on, and this charity which is ready to suffer all things. With hand outstretched and fingers nervously grasping a copy of the Orders, the Land League leader fastened upon Mr. Forster, and, amid riotous cheering from Mr. Biggar and Mr. Healy, accused him of imprisoning a man, not because he was reasonably suspected within the meaning of the Peace Preservation Act, but because it was certain that he had not paid his rent.

To the dispassionate outsider it seems it would have been wiser if Mr. Forster had allowed this violent attack to pass without notice. It is not the first of the kind he has suffered, and it might well have been left to the appreciation of the House of Commons. But it has been one reason of Mr. Forster's failure in the Parliamentary department of his late office that he was never able to hear with unconcern any reference to himself. A question of paltriest interest in other respects at once becomes in his mind imbued with largest proportions and immediate interest when he is mentioned in connection with it. Accordingly, to the intense delight of the Land Leaguers, who have not for a full fortnight enjoyed the satisfaction of "drawing" him, Mr. Forster rose to "totally deny" Mr. Parnell's statement. This was an unexpected delight to the Land Leaguers. It served their original purpose of obstructing the Prevention of Crime Bill, and with it was combined the delicious delight of making Mr. Forster an instrument to do their work.

Perhaps the incident might have passed over without reaching a crisis but for the habit of impartiality with which the judicial mind of Mr. Hopwood is imbued. Mr. Hopwood has taken during the discussion on this Bill what is called an independent action—that is to say, he has voted against his leader, his party, and the great majority of the House. When Mr. Parnell was vituperating Mr. Forster an opportunity presented itself of showing the House and the world that he was absolutely unbiased by any personal considerations, and that though he sometimes voted with Mr. Parnell, it was only because he happened to be right—that is, to agree with Mr. Hopwood's views. Now Mr. Parnell was wrong, and Mr. Hopwood severely called him to task, being savagely attacked in return by the sometime ally. When Mr. Forster rose there was another opportunity of displaying unpurchasable impartiality. Mr. Hopwood is no respecter of persons, and would as soon call Mr. Forster to order as Mr. Parnell. Amid angry cries he permitted himself this luxury. But now the Committee had been worked up to a state of excitement that acted upon the volatile constitution of Mr. O'Kelly. Mr. Hopwood was not to have all the rising to order to himself. Mr. O'Kelly would take his share—which he did, and, in his great zeal for the cause of order, denounced Mr. Forster's remarks as "an infernal speech." The member for Roscommon spoke amid a great hubbub, and his words, never of themselves very important, failed to reach the ears of the Chairman. But Sir H. Selwyn-Ebbeson, who was sitting nearer, forestalled the evident intention of the Home Secretary, and moved that the words be taken down. Mr. Parnell, who was sitting behind Mr. O'Kelly, was ready with a denial that the words had been used. But there were too many listeners for this line of defence to succeed, and it was presently abandoned, and the obnoxious words withdrawn and apologised for.

This was only a little flash of fire amid an unconscionable quantity of smoke, which has filled the House during the week, making it very dull, and obscuring the possibility of progress. The more ordinary process is to move an amendment on a particular line of the Bill, to debate it as long as possible, to take a division, and, when beaten by an overwhelming majority, to endeavour to contravene the rule which forbids a question once settled being brought forward again for debate. When all this has been done, and by slow and painful degrees a clause has been pushed through, the next step is on the question that the Clause be added to the Bill to begin the debate over again, reproducing the arguments, and even the speeches made on the various amendments. But we have it on the authority of the Prime Minister that this is not Obstruction.



IRELAND is apparently enjoying a spell of unwonted quietude, there being an almost complete cessation of reported outrages. The special correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Longford, says that the worst aspects of the dispute between landlord and tenant have disappeared; reductions have been made about equal to those decreed in the Land Courts; rents are being paid everywhere; and over the whole country there is promise of good crops. Mr. T. Brennan, the late secretary of the Land League, has been released after twelve months' confinement, and has used the first hours of his liberty to make a speech stigmatising his "gaolers," (by which he means, not the prison officials, but the members of the Cabinet) as "pseudo-humanitarians and renegade Republicans." At the weekly meeting of the Ladies' Land League in Dublin, Miss Parnell said that it seemed to her that Lord Spencer was guilty of the murder of a child in King's County, who, she said, had died from exposure consequent on its parents, who had been evicted, not being allowed to build a hut. Mr. Michael Davitt, who by this time is on his way to America, has issued a reply to Mr. Arnold Forster's pamphlet, "The Truth About the Land League," urging that it is not fair to cite his conviction for Fenianism in 1870 (which he maintains was unjust) as proving what he did in 1880: and challenging Mr. Forster to point out any utterance of his in connection with the Land League movement directly or indirectly counselling outrage and murder; or to name a single occasion when he did other than decry the resort to force. On Tuesday he made a long speech at a great meeting at Liverpool, in which he declared that Dublin Castle rule was as monstrous a failure as Irish landlordism; urged that the Arrears Bill, good in its way, was an acknowledgment of the failure of the Land Act; demanded self-government and the nationalisation of the land as the only effectual remedies; and elaborated a scheme for compensating the landlords without touching the pockets of the English taxpayer by the raising of a public loan or the issue of Government Bonds for 140,000,000*l.*, the principal and interest of which to be charged on Irish taxes, and paid off in fifty years.

FENIAN ALARMS continue to be reported from various quarters. At Manchester a stranger of "American appearance" was the other day arrested by two detectives, who thought that he was paying too close attention to the basement of the Town Hall and to the Albert Memorial; and whose suspicions were increased when they found that he was armed with a loaded revolver. He, however, satisfied them of his respectability, and was soon released.—At Chester an unknown man, the supposed victim of Fenian vengeance, has been found dead in a field, with a scythe and a razor lying near him, the latter instrument bearing the inscription, "John Ireland, contractor to the Royal Irish Constabulary."—It is stated that the Duke of Westminster has lately received a threatening letter, and that his servants have been anonymously warned that a Secret Brotherhood intend to blow up Grosvenor House.—Some of the daily papers report a conference said to have been held "at a house in Soho," between a number of Russian Nihilists and some "American Fenian Plenipotentiary Delegates," who agreed upon a fusion of both parties on terms and conditions to be settled hereafter. The delegate from Moscow is said to have declared that they would never attempt to undermine the British Constitution, but that Ireland must be made as free as Scotland and Wales.

THE JUBILEE OF THE FIRST REFORM BILL on Wednesday was not celebrated by any special Liberal gathering, but it is possible that this may be done after the close of the Session. Mr. Arthur Arnold, writing to *The Times*, notes as an "interesting coincidence" that Lord J. Russell's Reform Bill passed the House of Commons on March 22, 1832; while on the same date this year the House accepted for the first time, and by a considerable majority, the policy of resolution which sought to complete the work of 1832.

ARTISTS IN THE CITY.—On Tuesday the Lord Mayor gave a banquet at the Mansion House to the members of the Royal Academy. Sir F. Leighton, in replying to the principal toast, complimented the Corporation on the service they had rendered to artists and the general public by the rescue of Epping Forest from "the devouring plague of bricks and mortar."

A GUN ACCIDENT, resulting in the death of one man and injuries to three others, has occurred on board H.M.S. *Swiftsure*, at Madeira, during the firing of a salute. The gun did not burst, as was at first reported, but the breech, which was insecurely fastened, was blown out.

THE JEWISH REFUGEES FROM RUSSIA.—At the last meeting of the Mansion House Committee, it was stated that of the 82,426*l.* already subscribed about 25,000*l.* remained in hand. The number of refugees sent to America was 4,810, and the number now on the Russian frontier awaiting assistance is 13,000, so that fresh donations are urgently needed.

A LOAN COLLECTION OF GARIBOLDIAN RELICS is being made by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, and will be open for public inspection in his vestry after the evening service to-morrow (Sunday) and the following Sunday.

FATAL ACCIDENTS ON THE WATER, consequent on the careless or inefficient management of boats, are succeeding each other with such rapidity that we have no space for their enumeration.

A WATER CONSUMERS' DEFENCE FUND has been established by an influential committee, on the suggestion of Mr. Archibald Dobbs, to whom the Paddington Vestry have accorded a vote of congratulation on his triumph over the Grand Junction Waterworks Company.



"THE GIFTS OF THE CHILD CHRIST," and other tales, by George MacDonald (2 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.).—"The History of Photogen and Nycteris," which, though not the first in order, is in every sense the most important of this collection of tales and sketches, is a piece of allegorical fancy worthy of the author of "Phantastes." The idea is that of a boy and girl brought up from their birth in such a manner that he has never seen the night, and she never the day. Each therefore but half lives until, their lives becoming one, they are enabled to supply what is wanting in the other. The form is that of a fairy tale, with a witch for its worker of evil, but the best part of the magic is drawn from nature. Slight as this is by comparison, "Phantastes" itself is not, in proportion, fuller of poetical charm than this story, which renders description impossible without quotation. A child would enjoy it without reference to the underlying idea, nor is this so forced as to spoil the beauty of the fancy, to which it adds strength and purpose as if by way of additional ornament. The remaining stories are of a very various character, all, however, bearing the familiar stamp of their author—that of the only writer of fiction who is brave enough to give religion its actual place in human life:

neither ignoring it, nor, as in the religious novel, ignoring other things. But to the general merit of these two volumes a story in the form of a drama called "If I had a Father" affords a very decided exception. Like the rest, it obviously has a purpose, and has presumably some sort of meaning. But the performance is extraordinarily clumsy and obscure, in spite of an apparent craving to call spades spades even when there is no sort of occasion to mention them at all. To return to "Photogen and Nycteris" (which was originally published in this journal), their history is simply a master-work, which, slight as it is, would go far to make a new reputation, and not only maintains but raises one so well established as Mr. MacDonald's.

"White Elephants," a novel (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is the result of over-much straining to be smart and witty, and of too little care to avoid vulgarity, so that the latter quality too often predominates over the former. At the same time the author occasionally stumbles into very tolerable fun, as in the case of the Rev. Mr. Candy's attempt to commit poetry. These effusions are capital scraps of caricature, and new forms of nonsense are always welcome in times when the art of making a reader smile appears to be the last thing at which a novelist aims. Unfortunately, Mr. Candy's poems too seldom break the course of a story founded on the favourite topic of a forged will. Of course a forged will may prove as good a peg whereon to hang an interesting novel as any other between love and murder. But the bare fact that a certain will was forged is not interesting at all: and this unquestionable truism the author of "White Elephants" appears to have forgotten. In short, the novel is merely an expanded anecdote, without the point that an anecdote demands. From another point of view, it is a frame without a picture. The leading persons are certainly models with life enough about them for the purpose of a portrait painter, but we are made to feel that, instead of the forgery and its attendant circumstances being the necessary outcome of their characters and relations, they are invented and set in order for the purpose of a predetermined forgery. Every suggestion of life and reality is thereby destroyed. But we must except the case of the Rev. Mr. Candy, considered both as a poet and as a lover. For by no means the first time in the history of fiction, caricature is made more life-like than serious portraiture.

"An Angel Unawares," a novel, by Courtney Grant (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), is the history of an eccentric young lady who, driven from home by the behaviour of one of her brothers, becomes companion to a fast American widow. Being discovered by her relations, she transfers her services to an aunt, and afterwards develops her angelic qualities by devoting herself to an insane mother, and, we are to suppose, by becoming the wife of a lover introduced for purposes of common form. It is always important to reduce a plot to its bare statement, because when, as in this case, a novel depends for its success upon its story alone, that story must be interesting in outline in order that the novel itself may be rendered capable of interesting. If authors would perform this task for themselves before putting pen to paper, we should be spared half the existing fiction of the feeble kind. In the case of "An Angel Unawares" the process of production appears to have been very much as follows. The authoress began, not with a story to write, but with the intention of writing one—an exceedingly different thing. The invention of a title, we suspect, was the next process: for, even if the suspicion be wrong, the story generally has the air of having been compiled with a view to carrying out the promise of its name, and of the text from which that name is taken. For the sake of its own merits or of its inherent interest it could scarcely have been put together. Lastly, the plot would seem to have been constructed with the sole remaining purpose of filling the utmost possible number of pages with the least possible amount of matter. In short, the novel is a very type and sample of the craft of making books without ideas—a process by no means so difficult as the few who have never tried to write a novel may suppose. All the tricks of the craft are brought into use, down to the use of unnecessary quotations—not always made correctly—of long reflections not by any means new, and of long conversations in speeches half a line long likely to make Courtney Grant exceedingly popular with her printers.



II.

THE *Fortnightly* for June is slightly tame. Mr. Matthew Arnold, in his story of an "Eton Boy"—Arthur Mynors, of the 60th Rifles, a victim to the fatigues of the Zulu War—dwells for once upon the better side of English secondary education, whether of the type which produces lads like these, or of that other kind whose product is the sober, middle-class Puritan. We should lose much, Mr. Arnold is constrained to admit, if in the effort to avoid "narrowness" we too hastily exchanged our own methods of training for the system which yields the modern French *Lycéen*, Voltairian in philosophy, and in morals a disciple of M. Zola.—Mr. Wisker calls attention in "Troubles in the Pacific" to the ill-treatment of the Kanaka labourers on the Queensland sugar plantations. These savages are imported at some cost, and are usually engaged for a term of three years, at the end of which their wages are paid them in a lump, and they are sent back to their native islands at the planter's expense. The temptation, therefore, to do wrong, if a Kanaka falls sick towards the end of the third year, is not inconsiderable; though we should hope Mr. Wisker exaggerates the extent to which the Brisbane planters yield to it.—Mr. Moncreu Conway's "Ralph Waldo Emerson" is an able survey of the philosopher's career as a leader of speculative thought in the United States; and Major Griffith's "Newgate," an interesting retrospective glance at the phases through which the old gaol passed until it was at length superseded as a great criminal prison by the erection of the new buildings at Holloway.—"Home and Foreign Affairs" is remarkable for the tone of dejection which pervades it. The more Radical a writer is the more he seems to despair of ever making satisfactory terms with Ireland.

Blackwood is very Scotch, and, we think, a little weak. "The Ladies Lindores" is a good gentlemanly tale, much in the olden style of *Maga*; and "Heroes of the Noctes," a pleasing notice of the great trio of the nights at Ambrose's—Wilson, Lockhart, and "the Shepherd"; the latter, we need scarcely say, an ideal personage so far as the *Noctes* were concerned, in whose mouth the two former put *bon gré mal gré* their own wildest fantasies—a proceeding in which the real Shepherd acquiesced with mingled emotions of pleasure and perplexity.—"False Coin in Poetry" is a curiously clever paper of criticisms sometimes sharp and at other times prosaically irreverent; and "The Misogynist," an amusing incident of travel, in which the discomfort of a "bore" is told not unskillfully.

A paper on the Chinese question ("Mongolian Immigration"), by Mr. G. Seward, late U.S. Minister at Peking, is on the whole the most generally readable in the *North American*. Mr. Seward points to the rate of wages in California as sufficient proof that Chinese competition has in no way injured the white worker. The chief result, he thinks, of the proposed legislation on the matter will be to weaken the hands of the American Government in their future dealings with a country which for its own part would be well pleased to fall back upon a policy of absolute non-intercourse.

Mr. Kegan Paul's memoir of "Cardinal Newman," with the interesting fragment from the Cardinal's own pen on the Church's view of the inspiration of Scripture, is perhaps the most attractive paper in the new *Century*.—A second portion of "Carlyle in Ireland" is even more disagreeable than that which went before.—"Around Cape Horn" is a fairly spirited account of the perils and the pleasures of a voyage in a sailing ship on the stormiest of seas.—"The Century Prize Awards" for the present year provide Mrs. Van Rensselaer with an opportunity for an elaborate glorification of the American style of wood-engraving.

In *Harper* there is an exceedingly good description—"The Father of the Pueblos"—of the very curious Zuni tribe, the largest and, with two exceptions, the most isolated of all the remaining "Pueblo" Indian tribes of New Mexico and Arizona; feeble survivors of once powerful nations, essentially different in customs and traditions from the nomad Indian of the prairies.—"Quaint Old Yarmouth" yields some attractive sketches; and, beside "Shandon Bells," there are some American novelettes not more amusing as tales than for the quaint foreign flavour which pervades them.

To the *Art Journal* Mr. Wedmore contributes a detailed criticism of "Seymour Haden's Etchings," and Mrs. Margaret Hunt some notes on Tours, the city of Louis the Eleventh's famous Provost Marshal, Tristan l'Hermite.—Mr. Herkomer enlivens his solidly-usable lecture, "Drawing and Engraving on Wood," with reminiscences of his own beginnings as a draughtsman, and how he made his first hit in an early number of *The Graphic* with his "Gipsies on Wimbledon Common."—A satisfactory engraving of Mr. Millais' "Isabella," exhibited in 1849, the first important work of the then new Pre-Raphaelite school, is still further interesting for the portraits it contains of various members of the brotherhood; and sculpture is well represented by Lord Ronald Gower's successful statuette of the late Lord Beaconsfield.

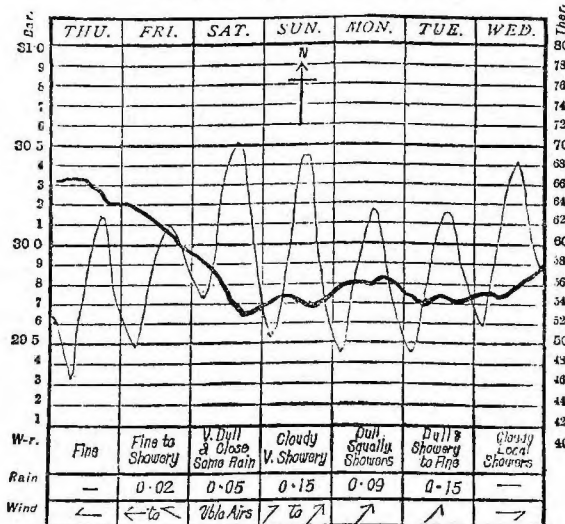
In *Art and Letters* continuations of "Ancient Armour" and "Masterpieces of Tapestry" are well set off with some excellent illustrations.—To the *Portfolio* M. Brunet-Debaines sends a striking etching of "Kirkstall" to accompany Mr. Chambers Lefroy's good papers on "The Ruined Abbeys of Yorkshire," and Mr. George a delicate etching of "Dort;" while Miss Cartwright brings to a close her sympathetic memoir of Sandro Botticelli.

From "The Coming Transit of Venus" to the "Dog Who Goes Over the Falls of Niagara," nothing seems either too trivial or too vast for the comprehensive survey of *Knowledge*.—From the *Irish Monthly* we must be contented to select a further chapter on "Irish Wool and Woollens," and a first instalment of the Roman diary of "Bishop Blake of Dromore," when on a Mission to the Court of Leo XII. to procure the re-establishment of the Irish College.

By an oversight in our previous notice, *Cassell's Magazine of Art* was erroneously described as the *Art Journal*.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM JUNE 1 TO JUNE 7 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has been very showery and unsettled. At the commencement of the period an anti-cyclone lay over the greater part of England, and fair, dry weather prevailed, with easterly winds, but on Friday (2nd inst.) the high pressure began to move away across the North Sea, and the easterly wind gradually lulled, while the sky became more cloudy. On Saturday (3rd inst.) some small depressions began to appear over us from the south-westward, and in the course of the next four days numerous shallow disturbances passed across the country, occasioning frequent showers of variable weight and continuance. The heaviest rain was that which fell in the course of Tuesday morning (6th inst.) On Wednesday (7th inst.) the small depressions began to move away, and by the close of the day the weather was beginning to assume a more settled appearance than it had done of late. Temperature has not been at all high for the time of year, but on Saturday (3rd inst.) the thermometer rose to 70°. The barometer was highest (30.33 inches) on Thursday (1st inst.); lowest (29.65 inches) on Saturday (3rd inst.); range, 0.68 inches. Temperature was highest (70°) on Saturday (3rd inst.); lowest (47°) on Thursday (1st inst.); range, 23°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 0.46 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.15 inches, on Sunday (4th inst.) and Tuesday (6th inst.).

CREMATION v. BURIAL.—The proposed cremation of the body of Garibaldi, although it is stated that owing to "practical difficulties" the instructions given by the Italian patriot in his last will and testament will not be carried out, recalls attention to a subject which has of late been too much neglected. From a sanitary point of view there can, we think, be little question as to the superiority of cremation over burial, and the question of cost is one which seems to have been favourably settled by M. Keller, of the Milan Monumental Crematory, where from fifteen to twenty-five francs only are charged for consuming a body, a process which only occupies one hour, and can be watched through glazed openings in the furnace by the mourners, who can afterwards carry away the ashes of their deceased relatives. Many objections to this method of disposing of our dead have of course been urged; some founded on religious ideas, others upon purely sentimental notions; and again others of a more material and practical nature. Taking the last first, we have to deal with the contention that if cremation became general the chances of obtaining evidence for the conviction of poisoners would be greatly lessened; the reply to which is that while cases of the discovery of poisoning by exhumation are few, the crematory process lends itself to the detection of such crimes, the fumes given off bearing evidence regarding the presence of poisons, the existence of which would be indiscoverable by exhumation; so that the loss in one direction would be in some measure balanced by a gain in another. The sentimental objection being less tangible is more difficult to grapple with, it being very hard to understand why a greater degree of tenderness, affection, or respect should be claimed for those who place their dead friends in boxes and deposit them in the earth, there to moulder, rot, and putrify by lapse of time, than for those who propose to reverently destroy them by fire, and afterwards treasure their ashes. There remains the religious objection, which, however, we think, few people would urge. The preponderating weight of argument is, we think, unquestionably in favour of cremation as opposed to burial, and we look forward to the time when the popular dislike of the process, which is, we believe, only the outcome of unreflecting prejudice against the novelty of the innovation, will yield to a wider knowledge and an almost universal appreciation of its many advantages.

THE MODERN ENGLISH POTTERY which the Society of Arts are now privately displaying in their Gallery in Adam Street, Adelphi, forms one of the most beautiful and interesting sights to be seen in London during the present season. There is the familiar Wedgwood ware from Etruria, and, of course, Minton makes a good show. There is Doulton ware of all sorts, shapes, and sizes—stoneware, and modelled terra cotta panels with designs in high relief, and, in particular, the beautiful underglazed painted work, with celadon bodies, and bronze, silver, gold, and what are called "clouded" backgrounds. From the same potteries comes also a fine show of Lambeth faience and impasto, particularly good in colour; some painted tiles and tile panels from Broseley will attract attention by their boldness of design and decorative delicacy of tone; and a variety of infinitely pretty and glittering tea-services from the Worcester Royal Porcelain Works will make many a female heart beat with covetous desire. But the great feature of the Exhibition is a magnificent collection of the New Linthorpe Art Pottery, which, more than any or even all of the rest, emphasises the great advance which we Britishers have made in these matters during recent years. The collection consists of specimens of nearly every possible useful and ornamental object, from a flower-pot to a tazza, from the humble water-bottle to the stately vase. But its interest consists not so much in its variety, though that is noteworthy enough, as in the extraordinary beauty of its colour, and the brilliance of its glazes. It is not too much to say that this Linthorpe ware is quite a new feature in European pottery; for in depth, richness, variety, and glorious beauty of colour it is only matched by the splendid wares of the East. For purely decorative purposes it must be invaluable; its varied tones and richnesses render it suitable to any conceivable artistic conditions. It is alike capable of softness and delicate quietude, of the glory of precious stones, and of the iridescent qualities of the plumage of birds. The most surprising thing about it is that so beautiful and so truly original a material can be made from "the ordinary red clay found at Middlesbrough-on-Tees." Yet it is so; and since there is plenty of clay these sincerely artistic productions may be brought within the reach of all, and it will be odd if, by sheer force of competition, they do not seriously reduce the present pecuniary value of the magnificent pottery which is imported from Eastern lands.



A GERMAN ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION started last week. "AMOROUS FROG," "rosy snow," "dewy periwinkle," "expiring green," "comet," "budding love," "frothy Clicquot," and "Bengal fire," are the singular names of some of the most fashionable colours in Paris this season.

THE INNER TEMPLE GARDENS are now open to the public every evening, from six to nine P.M., and the privilege is greatly appreciated by large numbers of poor children living near. The gardens will remain open until the end of August.

AMERICAN FREE LIBRARIES are endeavouring to form a league against sensational literature, and have drawn up a list of authors whose works are to be prohibited. Most of the prominent British sensational novelists of the day are under the ban.

A RARE GIANT BLOSSOM is now to be seen in the Botanical Gardens—the *Aristolochia goldiana*, a native of Old Calabar. The flower is believed to be the second largest bloom in the world, and is shaped like a cornucopia. It takes six or eight weeks to attain maturity, then expands and droops in a few hours. This is the second time the plant has bloomed in the Gardens.

BERLIN IS BUILT ON A VERY PRECIOUS FOUNDATION, to judge from the quantities of amber which have been unearthed recently in different parts of the city. Large deposits of amber have been dug out of the sandy soil at a short distance from the surface, and according to present appearances Berlin promises to become a successful competitor with the amber-fishing stations on the Baltic coast.

THE CZAR'S PALACE AT PETERHOF, where the Imperial family are now staying, is less strictly guarded than Gatchina, and a correspondent of the *Paris Figaro* was recently able to stroll about the park unchallenged, although eyed suspiciously by the Cossack sentries posted at every few yards. The Palace is a low, plain building, tinted yellow and white, and stands on a height overlooking the small town, the sea and Cronstadt in the distance. The grounds reach to the sea-shore, and are prettily laid out with fountains, statues, &c., but a deathly stillness reigns everywhere, and the place seems deserted. The neighbouring peasants, says the journalist, are taciturn, and reply to all questions, "How should I know?"

JUMBO'S HOME during the coming winter is likely to be in Mr. Barnum's Animal Training School in Connecticut, where most of the rare animals spends the cold season and pass through different grades of tuition in readiness for the circus. The *San Francisco News-Letter* tells us of a visit to the school where twenty elephants were gathered in one room moving their heads monotonously from side to side, "weaving" so the keepers called it. One keeper declared to the reporter that elephants had very short memories, that they soon forgot both injuries and kindnesses, and when enraged would attack their keepers before any one else. He preferred Indian elephants, those from Africa being stupid and vicious. His pet was an 800 lbs. baby elephant, which he alleged gained 2½ lbs. an hour during the first few months of its life.

THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY.—According to the annual report of the Astronomer-Royal, last year some 1,000 stars were observed, while photographs of the sun were taken on 200 days, and on only two of these was the sun free from spots. Indeed, the year was remarkable for the size and number of the spots, one remarkable outbreak occurring in April, which was followed by magnetic storms. While the wind was exceptionally violent the temperature was slightly lower than the average, notwithstanding the great heat of July, but the sunshine recorded was 100 hours above the return of four previous years. The Greenwich time-ball accidentally failed once to drop automatically, and was not raised on four days owing to the high wind; while the Deal ball in connection with the Observatory was dropped daily at 1 P.M., failing, however, fifteen times from various causes.

LONDON MORTALITY has increased and decreased respectively during the last two weeks, and 1,435 and 1,304 deaths were registered, against 1,433 during the previous week, an increase of 2 and a decline of 131, being 47 and 172 below the average, and at the rate of 19.2 and 17.5 per 1,000, the latter being a lower rate than in any previous week this year. There were 10 and 6 deaths from small-pox, 46 and 20 from measles, 23 and 37 from scarlet fever, 13 and 12 from diphtheria, 123 and 91 from whooping-cough, 17 and 13 from enteric fever, 3 and 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 15 and 13 from diarrhoea and dysentery, and 242 and 222 from diseases of the respiratory organs, of which latter 113 were attributed to bronchitis and 71 to pneumonia. There were 2,401 and 2,176 births registered against 2,569 during the previous week, being 105 and 383 below the average. The mean temperature of the air last week was 58.5 deg., and 1.5 deg above the average.

THE PERILS FROM ICE encountered by Atlantic steamers during the past month are graphically described by the *New York Herald*. Round Cape Breton the sea was a vast field of ice, covering one hundred square miles, and forming fantastic shapes. Steamers and sailing-vessels were frozen up on all sides—over a hundred, says one account—and many of the latter were crushed with great loss of life, while the Allan steamer, *Peruvian*, was in great danger for days, and only escaped with her screw smashed, and in the tow of a relief vessel. Although romantic ladies on board praised the beauty of the scene and the novelty of seeing seals, more practical passengers appreciated the peril of their position, as the ice carried the vessel towards the rocks. Another steamer, the *Scotland*, literally cut a passage through the ice, the passengers working as hard as the crew, and after nine days gained the open water. Most of the vessels grew short of provisions, and the ice blockade was so complete that no assistance could be sent from the coast. Such a season has never been known.

MR. RUSKIN is anxious to arrange his Sheffield Museum as speedily as possible, and intends himself to design the plans for the building, which he wishes to be as simple and inexpensive as is consistent with good taste. He proposes that the Museum should consist of two floors, the lower to be occupied by the library, where readers would be admitted under certain rules, while rare and curious books, prints, and manuscripts would be shown, under glass cases, to the general public. The Art Gallery would be above, and would be chiefly devoted to sculpture, which Mr. Ruskin considers the true foundation of painting. This gallery, however, would not be arranged in the orthodox stiff manner, nor would it contain copies of works simply because they are celebrated, but merely such as would be useful and instructive for the workman. Meanwhile, a considerable portion of Mr. Ruskin's collection is being transferred to Sheffield, and he appeals to the public for aid to purchase for the library some of the valuable MSS. from the Duke of Hamilton's collection, which is to be sold this month. One striking proof of Mr. Ruskin's influence on the value of Art-work has been given this week in the sale of M. Meissonnier's small painting of "Napoleon I. During the Campaign of Paris" for a sum never before paid for any cabinet picture. Fourteen years ago Mr. Ruskin bought the work for 1,050l. Now he has resold it to the original owner for 6,080l.—about 56l. per square inch, as the picture only measures twelve inches by nine inches. Returning to Art in the provinces, the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool is to be considerably enlarged.

PASTIMES

THE TURF.—The Royal Meeting at Ascot opened amid unfavourable weather, yet the Heath presented a by no means desolate appearance, and the weather clearing up about noon gave a brighter aspect to the scene on the lawn, although the ladies were loth to cast aside their wraps. Amongst the visitors were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Duke and Duchess of Teck. The Gold Vase fell to Tristan, who galloped away from his two opponents, Chippendale and Credo, and won by half-a-dozen lengths. The Prince of Wales's Stakes were won easily by Quicklime, who, though carrying a penalty of 5 lbs., had been a strong public favourite, the odds of 6 to 5 being laid on him. Lord Bradford scored again in the Ascot States, which fell to Retreat, who obtained an easy victory over a field of seven. In the Maiden Plate, with eight starters, Colonel Forester's Canon held the lead until half way up the hill, when he made a determined attempt to bolt out of the course, and Count Bathyan's Fulmen, thus getting the advantage, kept it, and finished three lengths ahead. In the last event of the day a sore blow was inflicted on the "talent," as odds of 7 to 2 were laid on Lord Bradford's Limestone for the Twenty-Eighth Triennial Stakes, but after a good race he was defeated cleverly by his solitary opponent Privateer by three-quarters of a length. On Wednesday improved weather brought out a larger company, and several members of the Royal Family were again present. The opening race, the Ascot Derby Stakes, was won easily by Shotover; and the Fernhill Stakes, which followed, created a great sensation, Geheimniss, the Oaks victrix, with odds of 8 to 1 laid upon her, being beaten by Lord Rosebery's Narcissa, against whom 20 to 1 had been offered. For the Royal Hunt Cup there were twenty starters, Ishmael and Sweetbread being equal favourites at 5 to 1. The latter won in a canter from Edensor and the Peine de Cœur colt. The Coronation Stakes resulted in another surprise; Rozelle, against whom 20 to 1 had been laid, making all the running, and beating Leonora by two lengths, the latter being a head in advance of St. Marguerite, on whom odds of 9 to 2 had been laid. The Thirtieth Triennial Stakes fell an easy prey to Lord Calthorpe's Symphony, ridden by Archer, who, starting at 2 to 1, won easily from the Lady Newby filly and The Duke, the latter of whom had been backed against the field at evens. The Visitors' Plate, for which four runners came to the post, was carried off by Pilgrim, who was the favourite; and the Twenty-fourth Ascot Biennial was won by Lord Rosebery's Milford from a field of nine. As *The Graphic* goes to press on Thursday we must perforce postpone our notes of the doings on that and the following day, merely remarking that the Gold Cup, for which there were only three runners, was won by Foxhall, Faugh-a-Ballagh being second, and Petronel third.

YACHTING.—The Annual Regatta of the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club began on the Humber on Wednesday, the race for yachts above twenty tons being won by Mr. W. Garfitt's 56-ton yawl, *Hirondelle*, and that for smaller vessels by Mr. Sinclair's 8-ton cutter *Nora*, which had a time allowance of seventeen minutes from Mr. Chapman Mason's 20-tonner *Sapphire*.—The Channel match of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club was sailed on the same day. The course was from Harwich to Southend, the winner of the first prize being Mr. Hedderwick's cutter, *Annasona*, Mr. Lampton's *Miranda* taking the second, and Mr. Stuart Lane's *Arcthusa* the third.

ROWING.—A telegram from Toronto says that Hanlan fell ill of a fever immediately on his return home, and is now lying in a serious condition. He will be incapacitated from rowing for some time, and the race with Wallace Ross has consequently been postponed indefinitely.

CRICKET.—The event of the week has been the match between the Australians and Yorkshire at Bradford, which began on Tuesday, when the Antipodeans scored 128 against 100 put together by the County team. Play was resumed next day with the unsatisfactory result of a draw, the County having seven wickets to fall at the finish, and wanting 88 runs before victory could be claimed.—On Monday next the Australians commence a match at Derby against a team selected from the County Club.—Middlesex has beaten Gloucestershire in a most thorough manner, having ten wickets to the good.—In the match between Liverpool and Manchester the latter were beaten by 86 runs.

THE BISHOP-ELECT OF NEWCASTLE

THE REV. ERNEST ROLAND WILBERFORCE, Canon of Winchester and Sub-Almoner to the Queen, who has been nominated as the first Bishop of the newly-founded See of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is a younger son of the Right Rev. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford and of Winchester. The Bishop-Elect was born about the year 1839, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he took his Bachelor's Degree in 1864. In the same year he was ordained Deacon by his father as Curate of Cuddesdon, Oxfordshire, and was admitted into priest's Orders by him in the following year. In 1866 he became Curate of Lea, in Lincolnshire, but shortly afterwards was appointed Rector of Middleton Stoney. Having held this Rectory for seven years, he was appointed in 1873 Vicar of Seaforth, near Liverpool. He was for many years Chaplain to his father, was nominated to a Canonry in Winchester Cathedral in 1878, and has held the post of Sub-Almoner to Her Majesty since 1871. The new Bishop married in 1874 Emily, daughter of Canon Connor, Vicar of Newport, Isle of Wight. It is expected that he will be consecrated in York Minster by the Archbishop of York on St. James's Day (July 25th). The *Hampshire Chronicle* speaks of him as being "fervent, sound, and simple in the pulpit, ready of speech, and powerful on the platform, without a dash of intemperance or a tinge of bitterness," and remarks that "he leaves the comparative comfort of the stall at Winchester, with all its pleasant surroundings, for a real life mission of higher and harder work among the coal-pits, where perhaps, as little as on any part of the earth the face of a Bishop has been ever seen or his name been held in reverence."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, Portman Square, W.

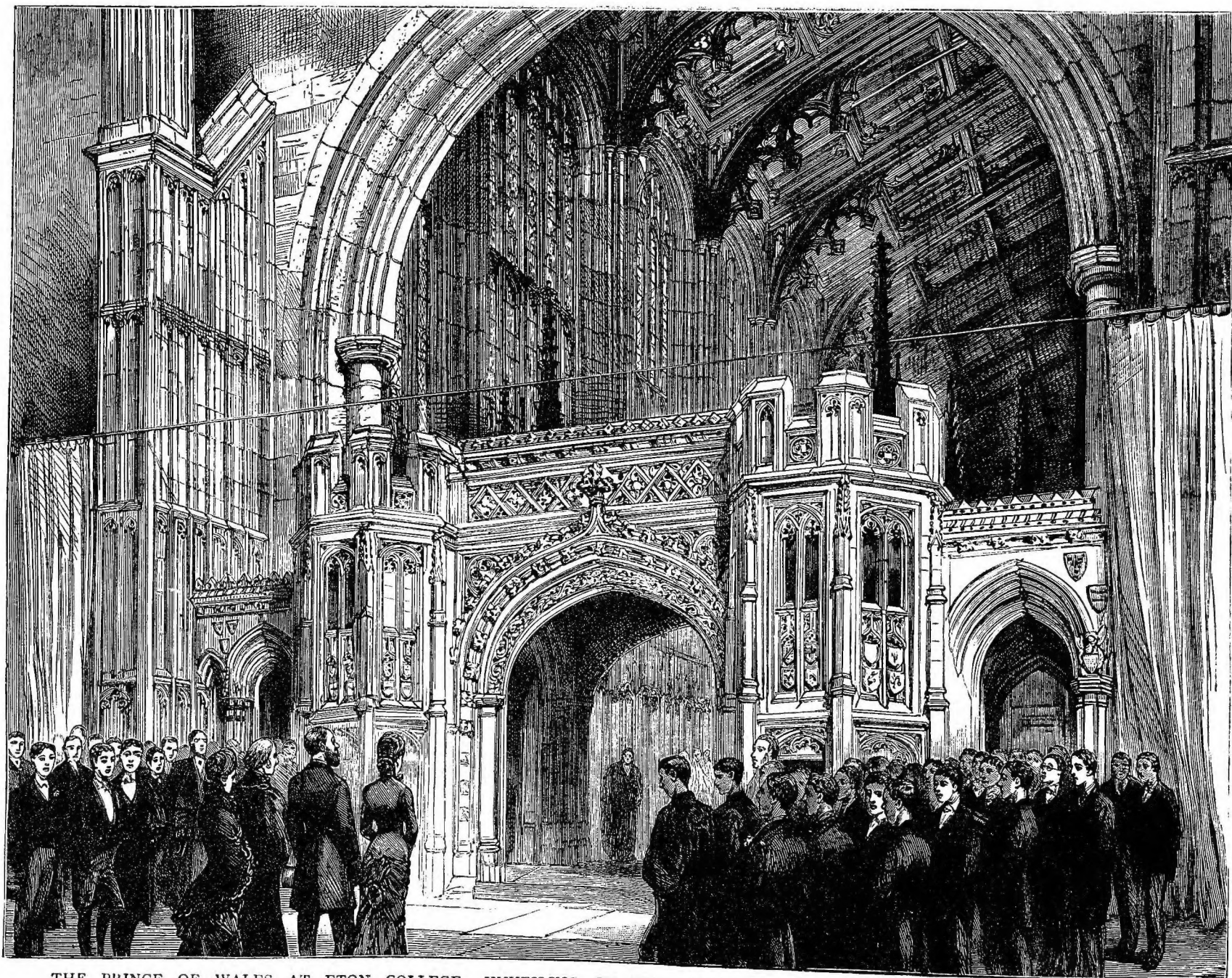


THE REV. CANON ERNEST ROLAND WILBERFORCE
BISHOP-ELECT OF NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

and additional *eddit* was given to the event by the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The town was gaily decorated, and with the exception of a few slight showers the weather was favourable. The Prince and Princess went by railway from London to Slough, and drove thence to Eton, where they were very warmly welcomed by the people. On their arrival at the College Quadrangle about noon, they were received by Dr. Goodford, the Provost, and Dr. Hornby, the Head-Master. After the Prince and Princess had inspected the guard of honour composed of members of the Eton School Corps they proceeded to the Upper School, to hear the various "orations" by the Upper Boys, and then passed into the adjoining ante-chapel. There the Prince removed the gauze covering from the Memorial Screen, and a short dedicatory service was conducted by Archdeacon Balston. After the ceremony the Prince and Princess of Wales were entertained at luncheon in the College Hall; walked through the Playing Fields, where a cricket match was in progress; and not waiting for the procession of boats left for Windsor, where the Princess unveiled the Queen's Memorial window in Trinity Church, erected in commemoration of Her Majesty's escape from the recent attempt on her life. The Memorial Screen, which forms the subject of our illustration, and which cost 2,500*l.*, subscribed by Old Etonians and friends of the school, was designed by the late Mr. Street, R.A. It is of richly carved Caen stone, bearing enamelled brasses upon which are inscribed the names of seventeen officers, Old Etonians, who were killed in the recent campaigns in Afghanistan, Zululand, and the Transvaal; their escutcheons, very beautifully executed and inlaid with silver plate, being placed at the commencement of each inscription. It is further ornamented with the arms of Eton College, of the first Provost of Eton (Henry Sever, 1440), of Sir Henry Wotton (Provost 1624), of the present Provost, and also those of the sister college, of Millington, the first Provost, of William of Waynflete (Provost 1443), and of the present Provost of King's. The arms of the Queen and of the founder are on either side of the main arch, whilst upon the eastern face of the Screen are two Latin inscriptions, one stating the general purpose of the Memorial, and the other the particular object of the present work.

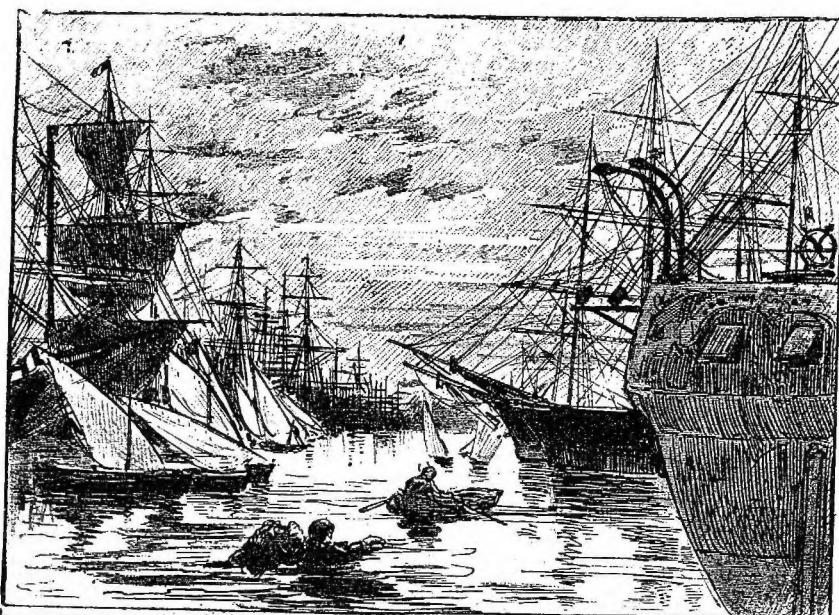
THE ROYAL VISIT TO ETON

THE "Fourth of June" falling this year upon Sunday, the celebration of "Commemoration" at Eton College took place on the following day,



THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ETON COLLEGE—UNVEILING OF THE MEMORIAL ORGAN-SCREEN TO THE OLD ETONIANS
WHO FELL IN THE AFGHAN, ZULU, AND BOER CAMPAIGNS

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI



1. Garibaldi Saves the Life of a Young Man in the Harbour at Marseilles during his Exile there after the "Affair of St. Julien," 1835.—2. Garibaldi taken Prisoner by Leonardo Millan at Gualaguay, 1837.—3. Anita Flying from the Brazilians with her Child Menotti, Sept. 28, 1840.—4. Death of Anita in a Cottage near Ravenna, 1849.—5. Garibaldi Undergoing the Torture of the Cord at Gualaguay by Order of Leonardo Millan, 1837.—6. Garibaldi at the Cathedral of Palermo: Thanksgiving Service for the Capture of Palermo from the Neapolitans, 1860.—7. Garibaldi and Kossuth.—8. Garibaldi and his Family.—9. Garibaldi and Missori Attacked by Four Dragoons During the Battle of Milazzo, 1860.

Giuseppe Garibaldi

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

"THERE is one hero in Europe. I do not know of two. That hero is Garibaldi." So Michelet wrote in January, 1871, when the Lion of Caprera, forgetful alike of the annexation of Nice and the chaspeots of Mentana, and remembering only that a sister people was in extremity, had brought to the aid of France the lingering prestige of his name and the poor remnant of his diminished strength. The justness of the phrase then applied to the man with whom last week there passed away the last of "the makers" of the New Italy, will be admitted, we cannot but believe, to its full extent, by the impartial judgment of posterity. It is in truth the heroic quality which has distinguished Garibaldi from ordinary men. His political sagacity may have been questioned with good cause, though he was seldom wrong in the end proposed, however unfitted by temperament or education to judge nice questions of opportunity and means. Even his military genius may have been over-rated, though few among professional soldiers have accomplished so much with such scanty resources. But the presence of mind which never failed in danger, the disinterestedness which never looked for reward or (rarer still) was turned aside by jealousy of others or undue self-conceit, the belief in human nature, the magic power of command, the qualities, in fine, which make the hero, cannot be denied him by the most hostile critic, and they place Garibaldi among the chosen few whom Paoli loved to describe as "Plutarch's Men." It might be too much to say that but for him the unification of Italy would still be a dream. It is certain that every step towards it would have been designedly made slow and difficult, at a time when rapid action was essential to extract all possible profit from a period of European changes; and that in all probability it would be at this very hour incomplete. And in Italy at least this unique merit of Garibaldi has at all times been generally recognised. Whatever may have been thought of him elsewhere, to the great mass of the Italian people he was ever the same almost legendary hero as when he made his entry into Naples. His bust adorned ten thousand homes; his hymn was the Italian Marseillaise; his chance presence anywhere brought together enthusiastic crowds; and his name will long remain a rallying word to those truest of Italians who would have Italy trust in all things not to strangers but to herself.

PARENTS AND BIRTHPLACE

NICE, a French town under the First Empire as it became again under the Second, in other respects bore little resemblance five-and-seventy years ago to the present city of hotels and doctors. A seafaring population clustered thickly in the narrow streets of the old quarter. And here, in the Rue Cassini, No. 4—the same house and the same room, if local legend may be trusted, where Marshal Massena first saw the light—the future hero of Italian independence was born July 4th, 1807, to the worthy Nizzards Giovanni Domenico Garibaldi and his wife Rosa Raggiundo. The neighbouring Place Garibaldi still preserves the memory of the event; but the little house in the Rue Cassini was pulled down in the spring of 1880, and its timbers were purchased by an enthusiastic restaurateur of Naples, and re-erected, we believe, by him in the garden of his establishment. The Garibaldis came originally from Chiavari, in the Eastern Riviera, and, though somewhat reduced in circumstances, had for generations been shipmasters on a small scale, who had owned and sailed their own vessels in the Mediterranean coasting-trade. Of his parents—although no greater contrast can be imagined than that between the devout almost priest-ridden old couple and their free-thinking son—Garibaldi long preserved the kindest memories, and more especially of the worthy father whose scanty means were often strained to the utmost to procure for the younger son, whom he intended for the priesthood, the best education he could afford. Nor were these sacrifices made in vain. Under the skilful hands of Signor Arena, Garibaldi acquired much more learning than he was usually credited with, and more than once in his chequered career earned a living by imparting tuition. His mathematical knowledge was even considerable. Nor was he, although exceptionally hardy and adventurous, a turbulent lad like his friend Nino Bixio. There was always, indeed, in Garibaldi a vein of almost womanly gentleness. As a child he had suffered the acutest remorse for breaking the leg of a lizard which he had imprisoned by a string after a common fashion of Italian schoolboys. At thirteen he risked his life to save some companions whose skiff had been upset in a squall. On another occasion he and some of his playmates got possession of a fishing boat, and had set sail for Genoa, with vague ideas of embarking there for the East, when they were luckily pursued and brought back. On one point only had he made up his mind. He was determined not to become a priest.

EARLY YEARS

No doubt with such a manifest vocation for a sailor's life it was not very hard to overcome his father's prepossession for a clerical career. The story, however, of his early voyages would offer now but little interest, though year by year the new ideas with which Young Italy was seething, though his old-fashioned parents wist not of them, laid firmer hold upon the young sailor's mind. Plundered on one occasion by Greek pirates he first learned to like our own countrymen from the kindness with which some English sailors relieved his more pressing wants. At Taganrog he gathered from a fellow Ligurian his first conception of Italian nationality. At Constantinople, where he officiated for a time as tutor to the three sons of the widow Timoni, he imbibed, it is said, his earliest taste of the cosmopolitan humanitarianism of the Saint-Simonians. More powerful probably than all these influences was a boyish visit to the Eternal City, when his father's vessel lay at Civita Vecchia. Among the ruins of old Rome the former grandeur and the present decadence of his country for the first time impressed themselves vividly on his imagination, and prepared him for the arduous enterprise to which in a few more years he was to devote his life. At the age of twenty he was among the spectators in the streets when Vochieri was led to execution at Alessandria. Soon after he made the acquaintance of Mazzini, and joined the ranks of the *Giovine Italia*. The "affair of St. Julien," as was called the attempt to seize the frontier village of that name, and make it the central point of a widely-ramified insurrection—one of the first of many similar plots engendered in Mazzini's fertile brain—has long ago been generally forgotten. To Garibaldi, who had entered for the purpose as a first-class volunteer on board the Sardinian man-of-war *Eurydice*, had been assigned, with some others, the dangerous task of securing the vessel for the insurgents. Tidings that the barracks of the Carabineers in Genoa were to be attacked that night, took him in his impatience to the Piazza Sarzana, where on arriving he found that all had been discovered, and that there was nothing for it but to escape at once. Disguised as a peasant, he made his way across the hills to Nice, lay hid there in his aunt's house for a few hours, then, taking to the hills again, swam at the risk of his life the flooded Var, and thus got safely into French territory, reaching Marseilles after some more adventures to find his name in all the papers among those sentenced *in absentia* by the Sardinian Government to be shot in the back for conspiracy and desertion.

FOURTEEN YEARS OF EXILE

THE years which followed, from 1834 to 1848, were among the most adventurous even in Garibaldi's career. Not at Villa Corsini or Milazzo was there fiercer fighting than at Salto San Antonio; not in the retreat from Rome to San Marino was the skill of the partisan leader more conspicuous than amidst the lagunes and forests of Rio Grande. Unfortunately the scene of action was distant and obscure, and sober chronicles have become mixed with legends of more or less dubious authority. From Marseilles, where the fugitive is said to have been engaged for a time as hospital attendant during a cholera epidemic, he seems first to have made his way to Tunis and sought an opening in the naval service of the Bey. But very brief experience sufficed to show how poor a field was this for a man of energy, and soon we find him bound for Rio Janeiro in the barque *Nageur* of Nantes. The present Emperor of Brazil was then a child, and in the general disorder of the time more than one province had thrown off its allegiance. Notably Rio Grande del Sud had proclaimed itself an independent Republic. At the capital Garibaldi learned to know Bento Gonzales, the President of Rio Grande, a prisoner just then in the hands of the Regency, and was easily persuaded to join him after his escape, and accept a roving commission in the service of the young Republic. In a little vessel, which he named the *Mazzini*, with a crew of only twelve men, he made a prize of a Brazilian trader, whose cargo of coffee was none the less welcome because its owner was an Austrian merchant, transferred his flag to the larger vessel, and in her waged a furious action with two Brazilian ships at once, in which he was dangerously wounded in the neck, and forced to take refuge in the Argentine harbour of Gualeguay. Arrested by the Argentine authorities, he attempted after a time to effect his escape, but was recaptured, and put, by the order of Don Leonardo Millan, to the "torture of the cord," in other words, hung up for two hours by the wrist. The arm by which he was suspended was disabled for many months, and the wrist retained the scar all through his life. Years after, in the Monte Videan War, this Millan fell into Garibaldi's hands, and was set free by him at once lest he should be tempted to do his former torturer a mischief. Released at length, and in command of a flotilla in the Lagune of Dos Patos, he found time between his encounters with the Brazilians to fall violently in love with Doña Manuela of Camacuã. But Fortune did not on this occasion smile on the adventurer; the lady preferred the son of the President. Better luck attended him with the handsome Anita, whom he is said to have met for the first time after the surrender of Santa Catarina, washing her clothes, like the Nausicaa of the Odyssey, in the river. It is true there was another who had a better claim to her, and her parents were violently opposed to her union with Garibaldi. But neither Giuseppe nor his Anita were of a mood to allow obstacles like these to baffle them, and never certainly out of the realms of romance did hero find a more heroic helpmate. On the lagunes, or on the land, in the battle-field, or on the line of march, indifferent to danger, privation, or fatigue, at one time swimming her horse across broad rivers, at another subsisting four days on a cup of coffee, Anita was always by her lover's side. In the desperate combat of three ships against twenty at the entrance of the lagune she helped with her own hands to point the guns, and when all the officers, even his old comrade, Griggs, the American, had fallen, to land the arms and ammunition, and fire the ships before commencing the retreat. Taken on another occasion by the enemy, and maddened by false intelligence of her husband's death, she effected her escape and galloped sixty miles across a wilderness of reeds to rejoin him; and on yet another she saved herself and her infant son from capture by a daring ride with her baby in her lap through the forest in the teeth of a violent storm. But fortune now had declared against the Republic. The struggle for freedom had degenerated into a war of factions, and even Garibaldi began to sigh for rest. Bidding adieu to the moribund Republic he started for Monte Video with a view to earn his living as a cattle dealer. But Garibaldi never possessed the commercial instinct. Of his first drove of oxen he only brought to Monte Video "a few hides," which had to be sold to provide clothing for his family. As some compensation he had made *en route* the acquaintance of the young Anzani, a Mazzinian, and an exile like himself, whom an old wound received before Oporto had already marked out for death; and acquaintance quickly ripened into closest friendship. At Monte Video, as at Constantinople, he a second time turned his early education to account as a teacher of mathematics in one of the city schools—an occupation which he occasionally varied "by carrying round samples of all kinds, from Italian paste to Roman silks, on behalf of a mercantile house." Ere long, however, the invasion of Monte Videan territory by Rosas, the so-called "Tyrant of Buenos Ayres," recalled him to a more congenial field. His first exploit was almost a repetition of his adventure off the coast of Rio Grande. With three armed cruisers he had forced his way into the Parana, where he was assailed amidst the sand-banks of the river by an Argentine squadron of seven vessels. At the outset one of his own ships ran aground. Still for three days he successfully defended himself until his ammunition was exhausted, then landed his diminished crew, and, after six more days of incessant skirmishing, cut his way back in safety to the city. It was in command, however, of the Italian Legion, a force raised by Anzani and himself from among the residents in Monte Video for service either by sea or land, and gradually transformed under their leadership from a mutinous and rabble rout 500 strong to a superb battalion of 800 veterans, that Garibaldi first began to attract the attention of his countrymen. Of many achievements it may suffice to mention two: the repulse of the blockading squadron, carrying forty-four guns, with a small flotilla mounting only nine—an exploit quickly followed by the raising of the blockade through the intervention of the French and English fleets; and the still more famous combat of Feb. 8, 1846, at Salto San Antonio, which opened up communications with Brazil, and thus at length cleared Uruguay of the invaders. In this action Garibaldi, with 184 of the Legion and a handful of cavalry, repulsed from noon to nightfall all the assaults of 1,200 enemies, putting 500 *hors de combat*, with a loss to himself of 35 killed and 50 wounded, and at midnight retreated unpursued to his own camp, carrying all the wounded with him; a result which so disheartened the Argentine commander that he at once withdrew into Entre Rios. Long before this he had proposed, in a spirit worthy of Dumas' Mousquetaires, to cross the La Plata with a few picked men and seize Rosas in his country house. The fight at the Salto was the last important action of the war. For Garibaldi it gained the nominal rank of General, and sundry offers of pecuniary rewards, which he declined, accepting only, with his usual disinterestedness, the rations of a private soldier, though too poor even to afford candles in the little house where two more children, Theresita and Ricciotti, had been born to him during the four years' blockade. It had still more important consequences in the mysterious prestige which now began to attach itself to his name, and which had already lured from Europe more than one Italian patriot to serve under his banner—among the rest the gallant Medici, the hero in after time of the defence of the Vascello. No wonder if the flag of the old Legion, embroidered by fair hands in Monte Video, was borne aloft in his first Italian campaigns, and is now preserved as a sacred relic in Stephen Canzio's house at Genoa.

THE RETURN TO ITALY

MEANWHILE there had come news across the Atlantic which had filled the hearts of the exiles with fresh hopes. The tidings of an amnesty at Rome—for Garibaldi had not yet learned to distrust the Church—led him and his brother-in-arms, Anzani, to offer their

services to the Liberal Pope. No answer came, however, from the Nuncio, and Garibaldi now could wait no longer. Despite all entreaties to abide in Uruguay, he set sail in the beginning of 1848 for Europe. Of his old Legion only seventy bore him company; but these seventy were the survivors of the Salto. At Alicante, where he touched to get some oranges for the dying Anzani, he heard the news of the "five days" of Milan, the retreat of Radetzky, the advance of the Piedmontese. At Nice, where he arrived on the 24th of June, he was met by the announcement of the defection of the Pope, the defeat of the Roman Volunteers, the detention of Charles Albert's army before the walls of Mantua. Forgetting all besides, even that he had sent Medici on to raise volunteers at Via Reggio, Garibaldi hurried straightway to the camp. But both King and Minister of War refused his direct aid. He had better, they said, equip a cruiser for service in Venetian waters. In company with Medici (whose momentary anger at being forgotten had melted away before the last words of Anzani, "Be not hard on Garibaldi. The future of Italy depends on him. He is predestined.") he started on his own account for Milan, whence the Committee of Public Defence despatched him to form a legion of volunteers at Bergamo. But the campaign of 1848 was already lost for Italy. The "Battalion Anzani," as the band was called, in which Mazzini himself served as an ensign, had barely been constituted, when the defeat of Custoza and the surrender of Milan made further operations in the field impossible. Garibaldi, whom the tidings had surprised at Monza, still, indeed, attempted to make head in the wild district between Como and Lake Maggiore, and even gained some slight advantages at Luino, but was soon compelled to cross the frontier into Switzerland, where an attack of marsh fever, which had turned to typhus, for some days put his life in jeopardy. Brief as it was, the short campaign had much enhanced his mysterious prestige; and more and more did popular faith begin to pin itself to this new leader, the rapidity and daring of whose movements, the ease with which he baffled a superior force, even the romantic equipment of himself and his staff, had so much excited the imagination of the multitude. From Switzerland Garibaldi passed back into Piedmont, whence, after lingering for a time at Nice and Genoa to recruit his strength, and declining offers of promotion in the Sardinian Army, he set out for Ravenna with a handful of volunteers, and there, in the act of preparing to make his way into Venice, was arrested by news of the insurrection at Rome, the flight of the Pope, and the Convocation of a Constituent Assembly.

THE SIEGE OF ROME

THE Assembly had proclaimed the Republic in the Capitol; Garibaldi, sitting as Deputy for Macerata, being the first to propose that it should be decreed without discussion. But at Novara Charles Albert had been crushed before the Romans could come to his assistance; and to the Protest of the Assembly against foreign intervention in the affairs of Rome, France had replied by the dispatch of Oudinot to Civita Vecchia. In Rome itself there were divided counsels. Mazzini hoped much from the French democracy, and most of all from his friend Ledru Rollin. Garibaldi, soldier-like, distrusted France, and doubted the wisdom of preparing for a siege. But his sword was still at the service of the Republic, whatever plans the Triumvirate might adopt. Of the defeat of Oudinot at the Porta St. Pancrazio—7,000 French *élite* against 5,000 under Garibaldi—it is unnecessary to say much. Had the guerilla chief been allowed his way, and reinforcements been sent as he desired, when Oudinot's communications with the sea had already been cut, the invaders, many think, would have been compelled to lay down their arms.

Half measures, however, found favour with Mazzini, who trusted much to his friends in the French Assembly, and with the acceptance of the Frenchman's proffer of an armistice the golden opportunity was lost for ever. Oudinot disposed of, the guerilla General was hurled at once against the advancing Neapolitans. At Paestum, and again at Velletri, where Garibaldi was unhorsed in a sudden charge of cavalry, King Bomba's men were so discomfited that no efforts could induce them to advance again; though Garibaldi's too successful ardour in the second encounter, when Roselli commanded the main army of the Romans, is said by some to have frustrated the latter's plan for cutting off the Neapolitan retreat, and thus opening the Southern Kingdom to an invasion. But now the French reinforcements had arrived, the delusive negotiations with Lesseps had been broken off, and all that remained was to fall with honour. The wisdom of defending the city has been questioned. Garibaldi himself was for retiring to the hills. None have impugned the romantic valour of the defenders. Nor must it be forgotten that until Ledru Rollin's fiasco on the 12th of June, there was always hope of a change of policy in France by the victory of the Democrats. The surprise of the chief positions without the walls before the Romans expected a renewal of the attack—"My promise not to assail the *place* did not," said Oudinot, "extend to the suburbs"—abridged a resistance which could not, under any circumstances, have been successful. The Villa Corsini thus surprised was the key to the Janiculum, and all Garibaldi's efforts were insufficient to retake it. "Never," he wrote, "have I witnessed a fiercer fight. My poncho was riddled with bullet-holes." A night sortie in force a few days later failed through a panic seizing the advanced column. Another week, and the French had gained the bastions to the left hand of the Gate of St. Pancrazio, and the hearts of the besieged began to fail them. Nor could Garibaldi be stung by sneer or menace to waste noble lives in utterly useless sorties. Yet the valour of many was conspicuous to the last. The ruins of the Vascello—to this day one of the sights of Rome—still show where Medici held his post without the walls, until recalled by Garibaldi within the city. In the final assault, amidst a storm of almost tropical violence, the fighting at Bastion No. 8—immortalised in Horace Vernet's picture—at Villa Spada, where the Lombard Manara died, and around Garibaldi's own head-quarters, was as desperate as any that had gone before. Garibaldi himself owes his life to the message which summoned him from the breach to give his counsel to the Assembly in this last hour of the Republic. "I should otherwise," he wrote, "have let them kill me." To the Assembly, however, when he stood before it, his sword too bent with striking to be sheathed, Garibaldi could speak no words of hope. Prolonged resistance was impossible, though the city on the left bank might yet hold out a few days. Rejecting Mazzini's counsel to withdraw into the country, the Assembly resolved to await the entrance of the conquerors, and was dissolved by them on the 4th of July. But Garibaldi was already far away.

THE RETREAT FROM ROME

"SOLDIERS, I offer you thirst and hunger, war and death. Yet let him who loves his country follow me." Such was Garibaldi's summons to his men, and 4,000 infantry and 500 horse responded without hesitation to the appeal. The retreat, esteemed by some Garibaldi's master-piece, had for its object to rekindle the insurrection in the Tuscan provinces, or, failing this, to force a way to Venice. From Civita Vecchia and Albano the French were pressing on the fugitives from either side the river, Statella occupied Rieti, the Austrians were closing in from Umbria and the Marches. Dividing his little force into two legions, now feigning to retrace his steps, now making as though he would give battle, by night marches and by cross-country routes from Tivoli to Terni, from Terni to Orvieto, where the French advance entered an hour after his rearguard left, Garibaldi held on his venturesous way, until he stood before the walls of Arrezzo. But the gates of the city were closed against him, and Stadion and the Archduke Ernest were

close upon his heels. Baffling the Archduke by a dexterous feint, Garibaldi bivouacked on the summit of the Apennines, and, gliding swiftly down their eastern slope, arrived in the nick of time at the neutral territory of San Marino. Desertion by this time had been busy in the ranks, and little more than 1,500 men crossed with him the frontiers of the miniature Republic, which now, with the pursuing army of the Austrians close at hand, began to tremble for its own existence. The next few days were, probably, the most bitter in all Garibaldi's stormy life. His wife, who had borne him company all along, though far advanced in pregnancy, was fast succumbing to the fatigues of the flight. His own escape seemed almost beyond hope. Granting permission to his 1,500 followers to accept such terms as the San Marinese could grant for them, he himself, with less than 200 desperate men, slipped through the enemies' lines in the early morning, and embarked at Cesenatico, in the forlorn hope of reaching Venice. But an Austrian flotilla barred the way. The timid fishermen feared to execute his orders, and only the boat which he himself commanded was enabled to regain the land at Mesola. How the survivors wandered three days in the marshes; how Ugo Bassi and Ciceruacchio were taken; how Anita, sinking from marsh-fever, was carried into a peasant's hut to die, and "Garibaldi dug her grave himself amidst the pine wood near the murmuring sea," and how at last, with one companion, he gained the house of a patrician at Ravenna, and was passed in disguise from hand to hand across the Peninsula, until he stood on Piedmontese ground at Chiavari, is a tale which has been often told and sung. But even Piedmont feared to harbour him long. So, after a few weeks' wanderings in Sardinia, where his eye rested for the first time on Caprera, he left his children with his cousin Deideri, and took his way across the Atlantic to New York.

ONCE AGAIN IN EXILE

THROUGH life Garibaldi has stood almost alone in this, that he has never posed before the public as a hero. And thus, while lesser men would have paraded themselves for months before admiring Transatlantic crowds, the victor of San Antonio, the defender of Rome, preferred to earn his living with his own hands as a humble worker in a candle manufactory. But so good a sailor soon found better employment. Shipping as mate in a vessel bound for Lima, at Lima he got appointed to a Chinese trader, voyaging in which, as he would sometimes tell, with a lingering touch of superstitious awe, he dreamed one night that his mother had just died, and found in after time that his presage had been true. Later on we hear of him at Newcastle, presented with a sword and telescope by the fellow-townsmen of his old friend Joseph Cowen, and acknowledging the gifts in a neat English speech. Altogether these voyages put some money in his purse; and accordingly in '55, for the small sum of 400*l.*, he purchased from the Municipality of La Maddalena and the sub-owner, Signor Lucino, one half of the little Island of Caprera, which, as we have said, had already caught his fancy, and which had been some 150 years before the hiding-place of a famous bandit, whose ruined hut now made the foundation of the new purchaser's first log-cabin. The other half was owned by a Mr. Collins, an English recluse, with whom Garibaldi never could make friends. And here with his own hands he built himself a dwelling-house, and began to farm the unfruitful soil, covering the granite rocks with a thin clothing of earth, and adding bit by bit to his one-storied cottage, whither ere long the Deideris came to keep house for him, and his children grew up wild and healthy. Thus, with occasional coasting voyages between Nice and Marseilles, with farmwork at Caprera, and discussions of that Italian unity, which still seemed a dream, in the National Society presided over by the Marchese Giorgio Pallavicini, the next few years passed rapidly away, the while a stronger will and subtler brain than had arisen for some time among Italian statesmen were preparing the way for the decisive struggle which was to cast the Austrians behind the Adige.

THE WAR OF 1859

It was in January, 1859, that Garibaldi was suddenly bidden to Turin. War had been decided on, and he with the rank of General of Brigade was to raise and command the "Cacciatori delle Alpi." "This time we go to work in earnest," he exclaimed in transport to his friend Bertani, after his secret interview with Cavour. And soon from all the North of Italy, by highways and byways, in disguise and openly, for Cavour wished to provoke the Austrians, the eager volunteers came pouring in. By the end of April he had formed three regiments, commanded severally by Cosenz, Medici, and Arduino. His own staff was organised at Biella, and long before the Franco-Sardinian army was ready for the field, Garibaldi had thrown the Austrians off their guard, crossed the Ticino, the Lombard Rubicon, and made his entry into Varese. Two brilliant little affairs at Malnate and St. Fermo, followed up quickly by the deliverance of Como, showed the mettle of the *cacciatori* and their chief. But the enemy under Urban were in overwhelming force, and though luck and a marvellous flank march extricated Garibaldi from a perilous position, it was well for him—so at least the Austrians think—that by this time the army had been able to move forward and gain the important victory of Magenta. Garibaldi now passed on to Bergamo, carried after a hard fight the position of Tre Ponti, and was meditating the passage of Lake Garda, that he might throw himself into the hills above Verona, when he was ordered by the King (whose Imperial ally did not wish to see the *cacciatori* in the valley of the Adige) to keep watch against a possible descent of Austrian forces from the Stelvio and to carry the war into the Valtellina. This was soon done and Bormio had been taken, when the Peace of Villafranca, to the great indignation of the volunteers, put an end to further operations in the field. The campaign, though the *cacciatori* had been sadly neglected by the Sardinian War Office, and had reflected no little lustre on the irregulars and their leaders; and had trained for further deeds those skilled lieutenants, Medici, Cosenz, Türr, and Bixio, without whose aid the enterprise of the coming year might have miscarried, even in Garibaldi's hands. Meanwhile the devotion of the *guerrillero* to his King was proof against the disappointment of Villafranca. He was easily induced to withdraw his offered resignation, and was despatched to take command at Bologna, where, however, he too soon allowed the world to see the designs he was cherishing of future action. All this did not suit the Ministry or the War Office. Superseded somewhat contemptuously by General Fanti, he lingered only to visit in the Ravenna pine-wood the tomb of Anita, hastened back to Turin to resign his command, and returning to Nice was there elected Deputy to the Chamber a week before the hateful annexation which made him "a stranger in his mother country." Garibaldi never forgave Cavour for this, though Cavour had only yielded to necessity, and there was a stormy scene in the Piedmontese Parliament, over which all parties would now like to draw a veil. The Liberator was soon to take a noble revenge on King and Minister, for by this time he had fully made up his mind for the crowning adventure of his adventurous career.

THE SICILIAN EXPEDITION

IN Sicily the embers of revolt were ever smouldering. Yet at this moment the chances of a successful rising were less than usually promising. Mazzini even, at whose suggestion Rosolino Pilo had gone to Palermo to search out the land, believed the enterprise to be premature. From Crispi came more sanguine reports, which determined Garibaldi to run the risk. Arms had been collected at Villa Spinola, and on the 8th of May the Rubattino steamers *Piemonte* and *Lombardo* were seized with a pretended violence, and with 8,000 lire and 1,019 muskets, the famous "Mille" embarked

at Quarto for the conquest of an island then garrisoned by 50,000 regular troops. "Our watchword," wrote Garibaldi to the King, "will be 'Italy and Victor Emmanuel.' We only trust that, if we add this jewel to your Majesty's crown, it will not this time be handed over to the stranger." To Rubattino he wrote, pledging himself to repay him for his steamers. To Bertani he left instructions to act as his agent in the matter of recruits and munitions. At Talamone, on the Tuscan coast, he landed to take possession (with the connivance of the Government) of the stores in the fort, and to despatch Zambianchi with sixty men into the Papal States, rather as a blind than with any serious purpose. Then, steering for the coast of Africa to throw the Neapolitan cruisers off the scent, he turned suddenly on his course, and disembarked his men at Marsala barely in time to escape destruction from two Royal men-of-war, and that mainly through the presence of an English frigate which declined to move out of the line of fire until her "liberty-men" had come on board. To tell in brief the story of the next few months would be impossible. Each page is like a chapter of a romance. Nor had Garibaldi only to contend with physical obstacles. Cavour himself, though he had connived at his departure, was by no means eager that he should succeed too far. He had hoped to eat the artichoke leaf by leaf, and did not care for the immediate conquest of the South; and when Garibaldi's triumph was assured, the prudent Count was still more afraid of his taking part with "the revolutionary sects." Mazzini, too, was ere long upon the spot with his *doctrinaire* schemes of a Republic *à tout prix*, and only Garibaldi's strength of will and singleness of purpose prevented in the end a great disaster. These troubles, however, came later on. The wonder is that he was not crushed at once. Three names in the long list of skirmishes and battles stand out conspicuous above the rest—Calatafimi, Palermo, and Milazzo. Even Bixio half advised retreat when the Thousand, supported as yet by the merest handful of native Sicilians, fell back at Calatafimi, worn and breathless, before the seventh strong position which had still to be carried that May afternoon; and only Garibaldi's magic influence, the calm five minutes' halt to gather breath, the appeal which all could understand, "Qui si fa l'Unità d'Italia, o si muore," could have won that first success which was the key to all the rest. The strategy which lured Bosco out of Palermo while the Garibaldini stormed the city from the Termini Road had scarcely succeeded, the bombardment of the city from the Castle, the intervention of the English admiral, the final capitulation, leaving only Messina and Milazzo to hold out, were scarcely over when the Cavourians were already agitating for premature annexation to Piedmont. But these intrigues were put quickly on one side. Bosco was beaten at Milazzo by a bold turning movement, led by Garibaldi himself. It was here that the famous hand-to-hand encounter took place in which the General's life was saved by the ready revolver of Missori. Messina capitulated, with the exception of the citadel, the Governor of this last stronghold undertaking to remain neutral unless attacked. A reactionary rising was put down at Bronte, and the Garibaldian host was raised to some 25,000 well-armed men. Vainly did Cavour desire Garibaldi to rest here, or Martino offer the alliance of Naples if he wished to attack the Austrians in Venetia. Two hundred men were thrown across the straits for an unsuccessful attempt to surprise Torre Cavallo, and the liberator of Sicily now prepared to complete his work by

THE CONQUEST OF NAPLES

THE bold design (devised by Colonel Charras) of a simultaneous invasion of the Neapolitan kingdom from the north and from the south was foiled by the action of the Piedmontese Government, who compelled the volunteers as fast as they were collected to sail at once for Sicily, and Garibaldi's own later plan of a direct descent on Naples was frustrated by the dispersion of the 5,000 men whom Bertani had brought together in the Gulf of Orange. So, after a flying visit to Sardinia to see with his own eyes how matters stood—a flight which caused much amazement at the time to those who were not behind the scenes, Garibaldi had no other course than to dare the passage of the straits, in spite of the vicinity of the Royal fleet. In two steamers, crowded from stern to stern, 3,000 men were thrown across the straits; though with so little time to spare that one which had grounded on nearing the coast was perforce abandoned to the enemy. The town of Reggio was carried by storm, the citadel capitulating the next day after a respectable resistance. The rest of the troops were quickly brought across, and the march on Naples commenced without delay. From Reggio to the Capital resistance there was none. Nine thousand Royalists laid down their arms without striking a blow at San Giovanni: eleven thousand at Soveria. At Salerno Garibaldi took the train for Naples, while the Royal army fell back with the King upon the line of the Volturno.

The continuous triumph of Garibaldi caused meanwhile no slight annoyance at Turin, for only blind admirers of Cavour can hold that the Liberator did no more than the wily Count permitted and foresaw. The chief foreign Powers, indeed, confined their disapproval of what had taken place to words. England had even done more than this, and had effectively disavowed all proposals to blockade the adventurer in Sicily. But the Sardinian Government was ill at ease. Spasmodic efforts were made to anticipate him at Naples. And Cialdini's southward march was more of a menace than an assurance of assistance. Unmoved by all these plots and counterplots of Mazzinians, Cavourians, and Reactionaries, the hero of Caprera pushed steadily towards his goal. 37,000 men, including 10,000 Calabrians, were now under his command. But the Bourbon army was 40,000 strong, and the defections which had reduced its numbers had at the same time purged it of its least trustworthy elements. At Cajazzo, while Garibaldi was away, recalled to Sicily by renewed intrigues for immediate annexation to Piedmont, it had inflicted a sharp repulse on Türr, and now it hoped to win a victory which would bring back the King to Naples on his *fête-day* (October 4th). With 15,000 only in the first line and 5,000 in the reserve, the tactical skill of Garibaldi and the stubbornness of Bixio foiled all the efforts of the professional soldier, and made the First of October on the Volturno the crowning victory of the campaign. A few *bersaglieri* came up before the close, but their presence served rather to indicate the nearness of the Piedmontese than to affect in any way the issue of the battle. A second attack, fifteen days later—so easily repulsed that while it was going on Garibaldi was making notes amidst the falling shells for an essay on "Universal Peace"—concluded the struggle against the army of the South. At the approach of Cialdini King Francis withdrew to Gaeta, where he surrendered after a four months' siege. The arrival of the Northern army was half, as we have said, a menace. Jealousy of the lucky adventurer and fear of the revolution were uppermost now in Cavour's mind. General Fanti's order of the day (September 11th) had been an undisguised threat. Piale was commanded to seize Garibaldi's fleet should he attempt to proclaim the Republic. To all this Garibaldi had replied with an order to his fleet to unite itself with the Sardinian Squadron; with the victory of October 1; with the touching letter of October 4—"Your Majesty may be assured that I am heartily yours, and that I too have some little claim to be believed;" with the proclamation of the 15th, announcing his intention to lay down the Dictatorship on the arrival of the King; with the *plébiscite* of the 21st; and the letter of the 29th commending to the King ten millions of new subjects. The meeting with Victor Emmanuel on the road to Teano took place on the morning of the 26th, and even then it was remarked that Garibaldi was left to lunch on bread and cheese in a shed where

waggoners put up their horses. The refusal to let the Garibaldini lead the way in the final encounters with the Bourbon troops, the slight cast on the Volunteers when 14,000 of them vainly waited all the day for the King to review them before the Palace of Caserta, were other indications of ill-temper against which Garibaldi might fairly set the flag embroidered for Turkey's legion by the ladies of Palermo and the medal subscribed by the Sicilians for the survivors of the "Mille." On the 9th of November, after handing the report of the *plébiscite* to the King, and bidding brief farewell to his old comrades—"to meet again upon the road to Rome"—he embarked on board the *Washington* for Caprera, with fifteen lire in his pocket and a sack of beans for planting on his farm.

ASPRONTE

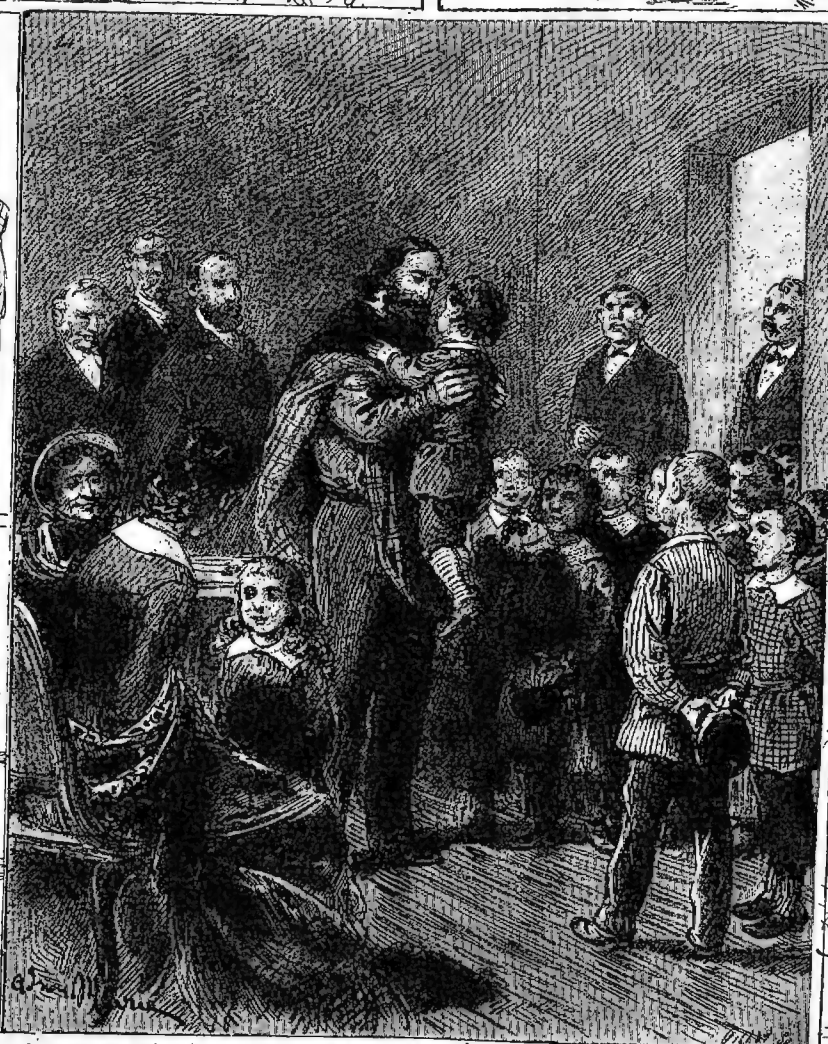
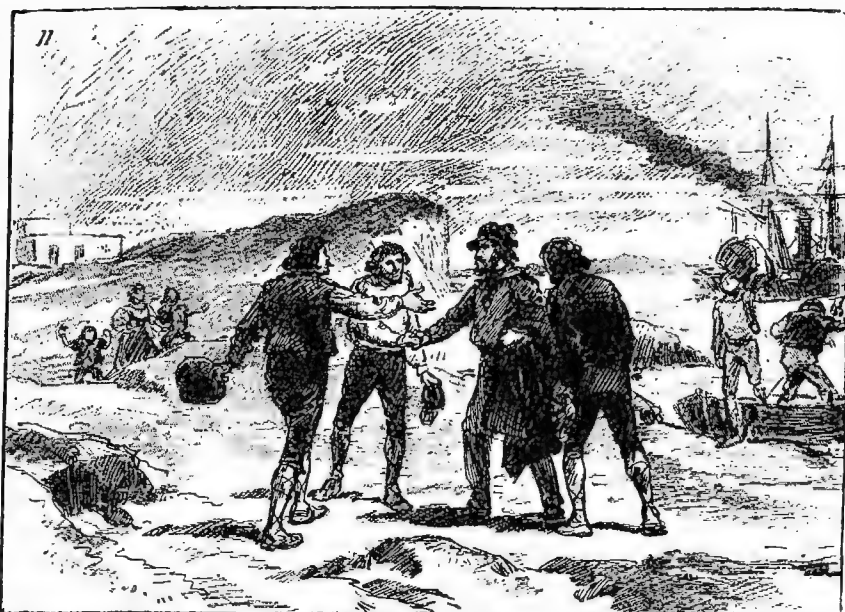
GARIBALDI was now at the zenith of his fame, and had fame alone, an aureole of almost divine renown, been the object of his ambition, might well at this moment have desired to die. Thenceforth his life began to darken. His efforts to achieve an ideal became a series of struggles against hopeless odds. Even his past deeds lost something of their glory in the uncalculating rashness of his later enterprises. The breach between him and the Conservatives—to use an English party-term *fauté de mieux*—was made wider by what seemed the shabby treatment of his Southern army—the subject of a hot debate between him and Cavour in the Parliament of 1861—and by the contemptuous rejection of his favourite scheme for arming the nation after the pattern of the English Volunteers. His return to Caprera had indeed been gladdened by a visit from a deputation of "the Thousand" bearing a "Star of Honour" as a gift, and by the marriage of his daughter Theresita to his plucky follower, Stephen Canzio. But now began a series of intrigues in which the party of action soon became divided against itself; Garibaldi advocating an advance on Rome—it had been the dream of his life to crown a King of United Italy on the Capitol; Mazzini, in whose hands were all the threads of the European Revolution, preferring an attack in due time on Venetia in combination with a rising in the Danubian Principalities, whence the flames might spread to Hungary and Poland. This latter scheme, whose boldness for a moment almost seduced the King himself, was not indeed matured till later on. Early, however, in the Spring of 1862—Cavour had died in the previous June—agitation began to take a tangible shape. Garibaldi hovered about the Venetian frontier suggesting rifle-clubs in Lombardy and the Emilia. The Government even—Rattazzi was now in power—seemed to approve the assembling of Volunteers at Sarnico. Whatever the motive (and many attribute to the Ministry of 1862, as to Cavour in 1860, a deliberate wish "to break" as Cavour used to express it, "Garibaldi's head") it was soon made evident by the arrest of Nullo and other leaders that no forward movement would be permitted against Austria. And Garibaldi, who had drawn down upon himself a sharp reproof from Klapka for his untimely appeal to the Hungarian malcontents, determined once more *fare da sé*, and proceed to Rome at his own risk. Resigning the Presidency of the Società Emancipatrice, he issued from Sicily a fiery manifesto "O Roma o Morte," denouncing openly the "Man of December," and threatening a new Sicilian Vesper. Once more the Government appeared to waver. Volunteers were allowed to join, and arms to be sent freely into the island. Very suddenly, so suddenly indeed that the Prefect Pallavicino resigned his post in sheer perplexity, all this was changed for sternly repressive action. The Società Emancipatrice was dissolved. The State of Siege was proclaimed in Sicily. Fresh troops were sent to Rome from France; and Cialdini, Garibaldi's personal enemy, was despatched southward with 60,000 men. But the patriot leader was not to be tempted into a fratricidal combat. By dexterous movements he reached Catania without firing a shot—the new Prefect taking refuge on board the *Duca di Genova*—and from thence passed over to the other side, landing once more with 3,000 men at Melito. The pursuers, seemingly of set purpose, had neither attacked him in the city, nor sought to impede the passage of the straits. And now the Lion of Caprera was in the toils. In front Cialdini barred the way, behind him was the sea, and all around the rugged solitudes of Aspromonte. Led hither and thither by treacherous guides, reduced by desertions to 1,800 men, the little band was ere long surrounded, and its leader, while calling on them not to return the fire of Pallavicini's *bersaglieri*, brought down by a bullet in the ankle bone. The victory, if it can be so called, was complete. The Legion was dispersed—a few deserters were shot at Reggio, and the General himself was transported without loss of time in the *Duca di Genova* to the fortress-prison of Varignano. How Nélaton found where the bullet lay, and Zanetti finally extracted it; how Europe for months fixed its eyes on the sick-bed; and how Garibaldi consented to accept an amnesty more for his followers' sake than for his own need not be told. Released, he rested awhile at Spezia till his presence there became oppressive to the men in office, and passing thence to Leghorn and Pisa—ever surrounded by worshippers and relic-hunters—escaped at last from all these miseries to the welcome seclusion of his island kingdom and the companionship of his old friends, Fruscianti and Gusmeroli. When the anniversary of Aspromonte came round again it was due to Garibaldi's urgent wish that there was no demonstration of any kind against the Government.

ENGLAND IN 1864

How serious a purpose underlay Garibaldi's visit to this country in '64 will never, perhaps, be very clearly known. That he did not come simply to be lionised is certain. Mazzini's schemes had now been definitely rejected by the King. On the other hand, the imbroglia in Schleswig-Holstein had nearly drawn England out of her habitual reserve. That Garibaldi may have hoped to turn his unrivalled popularity here to some account at this crisis is very probable. It is no less clear that his presence in the country was anything but a source of unmixed delight to the very many among the ruling classes who had made the French alliance the pivot of their foreign policy, and viewed with suspicion the democratic demonstrations which were then coming into fashion. In any case, he was soon given to understand that his reception here meant a hearty welcome, and no more. And Garibaldi, with his instinctive tact, had no desire to prolong his stay unduly. As a reception, however, his welcome was unprecedented. All London seemed to have gone out to meet him when he alighted from the railway train at Vauxhall. At the popular Crystal Palace and the aristocratic Opera House the demonstrations of delight and admiration were overwhelming; and from the visit to the Laureate in the Isle of Wight, where he planted a Wellingtonia in the poet's garden, to the return voyage in the Duke of Sutherland's handsome yacht *Osprey*, the pleasant holiday was scarcely ruffled. But to snatch another province from the Austrian there needed other help than this. None, perhaps, that spring suspected that the help would come from a misunderstood and little-liked Pomeranian Junker whom people were beginning to speak of half derisively as "the man of blood and iron."

THE WAR OF 1866

THIS man had seen from a very early date that Germany could only be made one nation by the sword, and ever since the Convention of Gastein had been preparing for the inevitable war. He had sounded the Third Napoleon at Biarritz, had set at naught the opposition of the Prussian Parliament, and overcome the more difficult reluctance of his own King, and now, when all was nearly ready, he sought in Italy a useful ally. Like Cavour, in 1859, he was on thorns until he had made Austria commit herself beyond recovery. Unlike Cavour's ally on that occasion, he was prepared to push victory to the utmost bounds of hope alike for himself and his



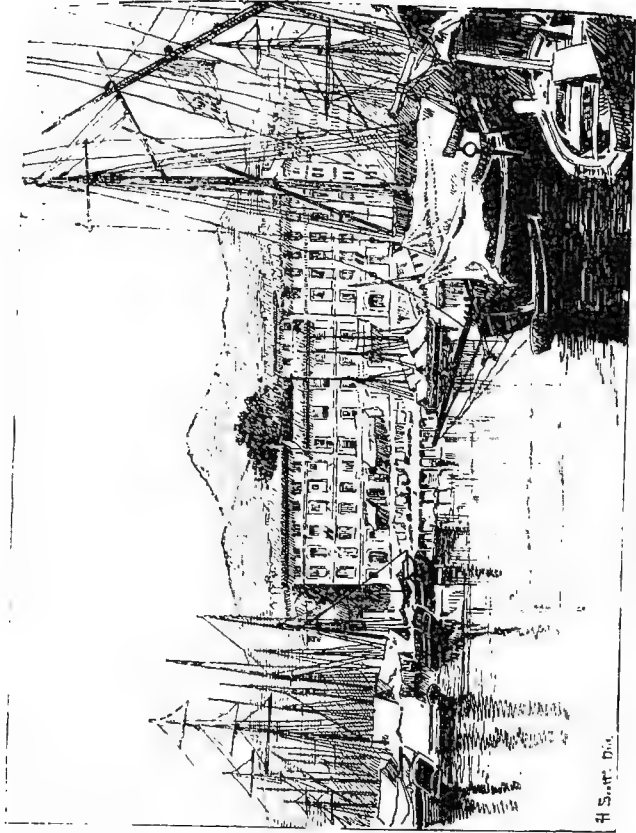
10. Meeting of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel on the Road to Capua after the Battle on the Volturno, Oct. 26, 1860.—11. Garibaldi's Return to Caprea, November, 1860.—12. Interview Between Cavour and Garibaldi at the Desire of Victor Emmanuel, April, 1861.—13. A Stray Lamb at Caprea: An Incident of Garibaldi's Tenderness.—14. A Deputation of School children to Garibaldi.—15. Garibaldi Wounded at the Battle of Aspromonte, Aug. 29, 1862.—16. After Aspromonte: Garibaldi Wounded and in Prison at the Fortress of Varignano in the Harbour of Spezzia.—17. Reception of Garibaldi in London, 1864.—18. Garibaldi at Dijon in 1870:



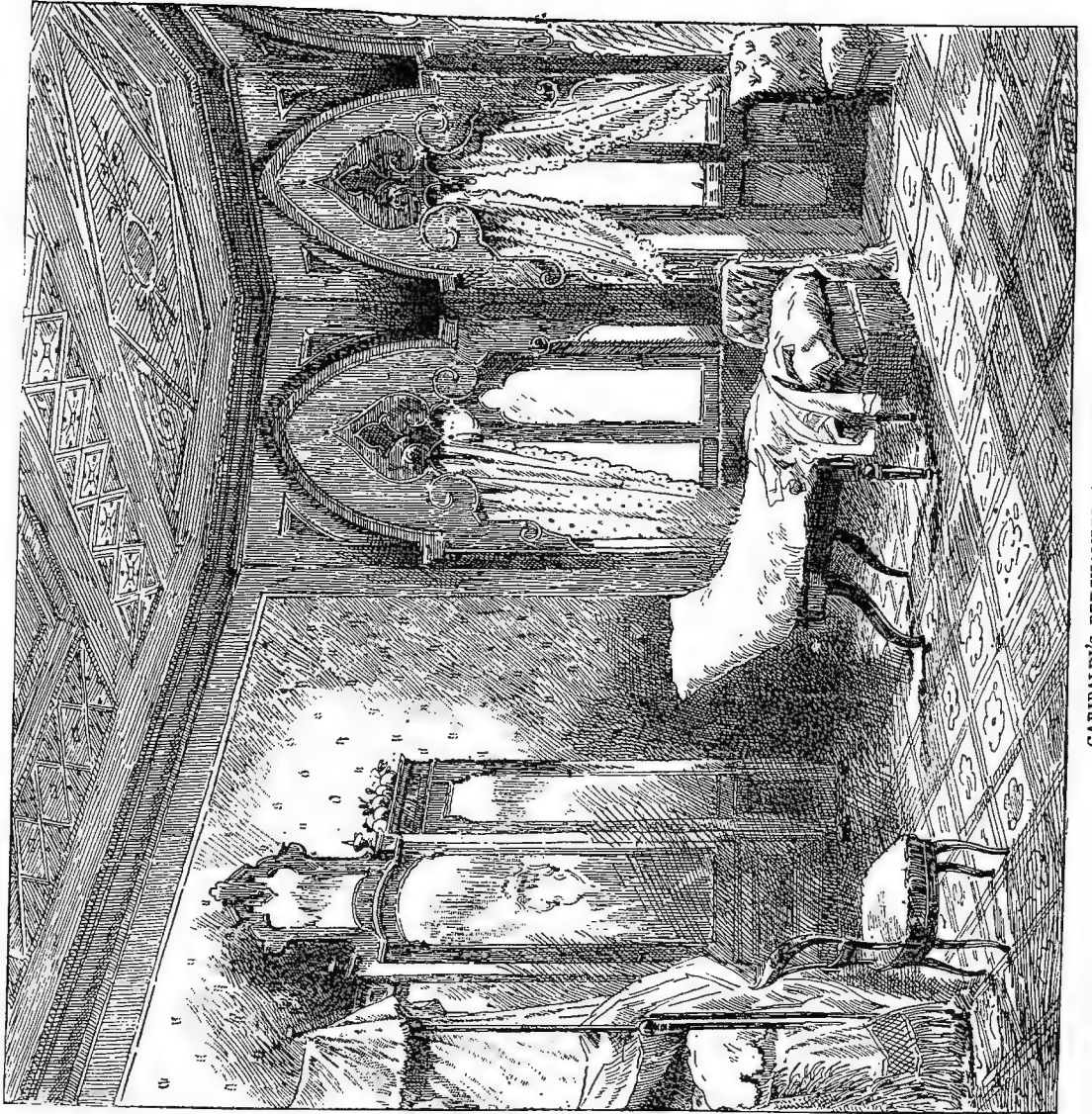
BORN AT NICE, JULY 4, 1807

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

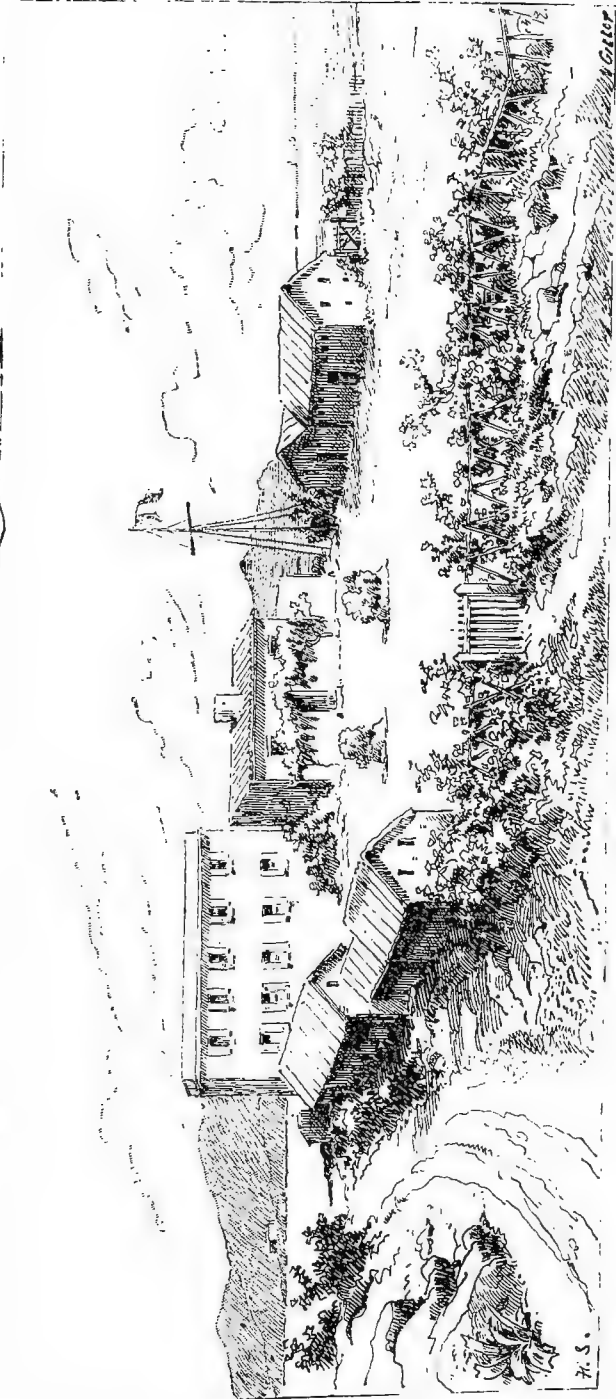
DIED AT CARRERA, JUNE 2, 1882



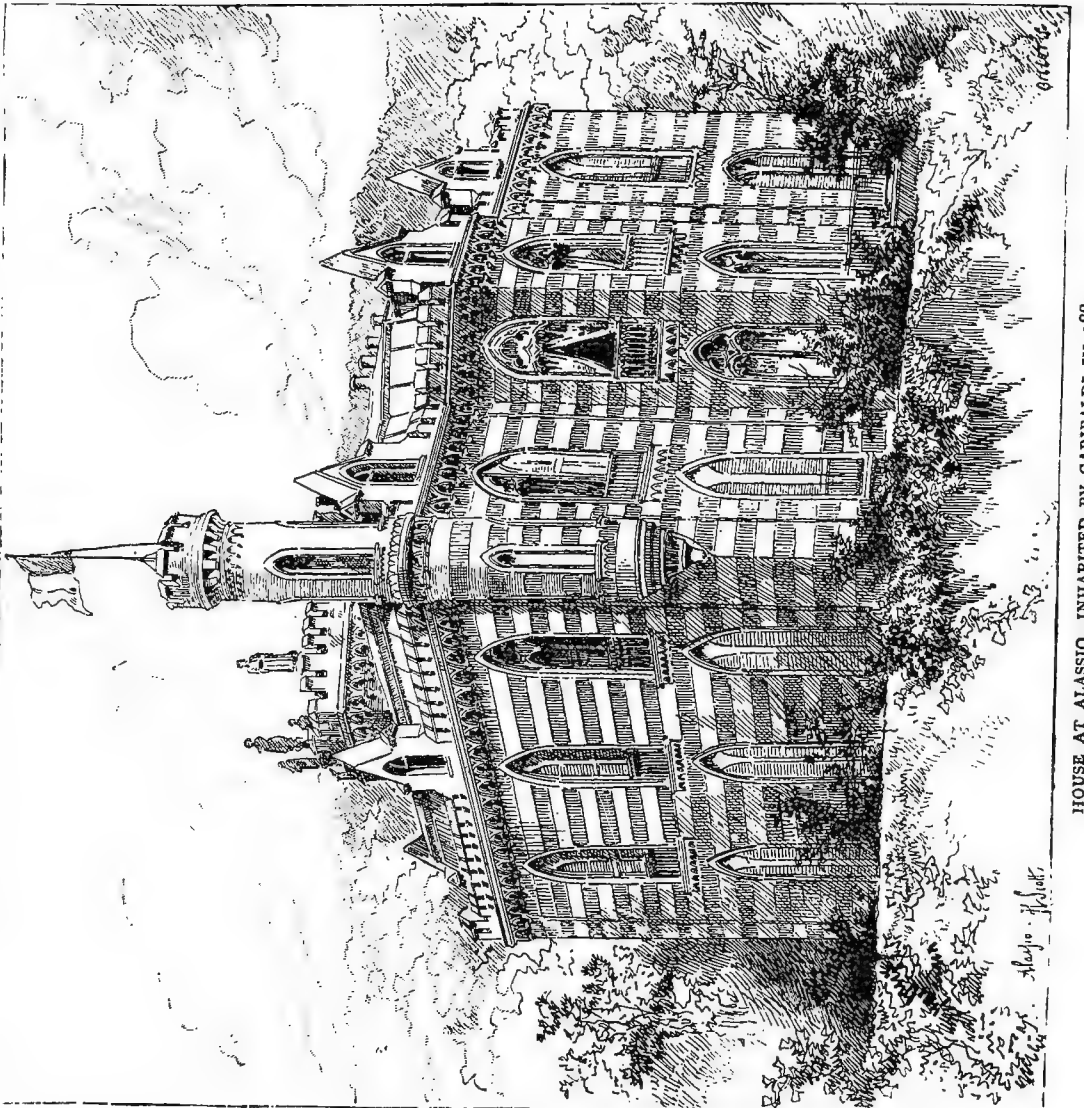
BIRTHPLACE OF GARIBALDI AT NICE



GARIBALDI'S BEDCHAMBER AT ALASSIO



GARIBALDI'S HOUSE AT CAPRAIA



HOUSE AT ALASSIO, INHABITED BY GARIBALDI IN 1880

THE LIFE OF GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI

partners. Again Garibaldi offered his services to the King, and again were they accepted, but without much enthusiasm. The Campaign of 1866 is a sad memory for Italy, which vainly tries to comfort itself with the thought that its rulers yielded to Napoleon's counsel, "not to make war with too much energy" (*non far della guerra con troppo vigore*). Garibaldi himself gained little glory, for his Volunteers were ill-equipped and ill-selected. 3,000 out of 18,000 had to be sent back at once. He himself was crippled with the wound of Aspromonte, and deprived of the flower of his old lieutenants, who were now serving in the regular ranks. And his plan, which was that of the Prussians and of Mazzini, was not the one preferred by his own Government. He had hoped to attack Austria on her weak south-east flank, and realise the dream of 1862-3. He was sent to combat her on her own chosen ground, where everything made for the defence; and even so his work was interrupted. Scarcely indeed had his Volunteers been breathed in the smart skirmish at the Bridge over the Caffaro when the blunderers of Custozza called him in to protect their retreating left wing against a possible advance of the Arch-Duke Regnier. And when they resumed the offensive his own work had to be begun anew. The battles of giants on the plains of Bohemia have all but blotted out of memory the names of Monte Suello and Bizecca; and the ill-conduct of some of the Volunteers, raw troops led on by inexperienced commanders, has given enemies occasion to describe these, but more especially the former where Garibaldi was sharply wounded, as defeats. On the lake, too, the Austrian flotilla for some time more than held its own against the poor attacks of Elia. And before Garibaldi could join hands with Medici, advancing from the East by Val Sugana, the armistice arrested further progress. Yet these poor Garibaldini had not done so very badly. No check beneath the leader's eyes had ever been converted into a down-right retreat; few days indeed had passed without their gaining some little ground; but to the multitude who judge only by results there was nothing this time in their campaign which could be set in any way against the saddening memories of Lissa and Custozza.

"O ROMA, O MORTE"

THE disappointment was very great. It rankles in Italy to this very hour. It threw Garibaldi into the arms of the extreme party. It left Mazzini hard at work to prepare an insurrection should the King think of allying himself with France in the war which all foresaw must come between the victors of Sadowa and the coveters of the left bank of the Rhine. In 1867, after a visit to Venetia, Garibaldi resumed at Florence his old title—pressed to do so by the Committee of Insurrection—of "General of the Roman Republic," conferred upon him in 1849. At the Peace Congress in Geneva he appeared unexpectedly to move the *déchéance* of the Papacy, and returning issued from the Villa Cairola at Belgrate a stormy address to the Italian people. His plan of campaign was almost openly announced. Nicotera was to move from Naples on Velletri; Menotti, to penetrate the heart of the Papal States, and threaten Rome itself from Monte Rotondo; he himself was to assail Viterbo. The last French troops had left the City of the Pope in December of the previous year. The Committee of Insurrection had been constituted a fortnight after. Ricasoli had fallen in the spring through the failure of his attempt at a *modus vivendi* with the Church. The unlucky Rattazzi was once more in power. There was some real and much affected doubt if the French troops would return in any case. They might not indeed have done so but for Sadowa, or if Rattazzi had had the nerve of a Cavour. As it was the King's Cabinet bent like a reed before the wind which blew from France. Garibaldi was arrested and sent to Caprera, where he was guarded by a blockading squadron of four steamers and a frigate. Meanwhile Acerbi had attacked Viterbo, and Menotti Garibaldi menaced Tivoli; and soon the startling news arrived that his father was once more on the main-land, a free man. The escape from Caprera at the age of sixty may vie with any adventure of his younger days in the wild South American Lagunes. Diverting suspicion by a pretence of illness he had descended to the beach alone an hour before midnight on October 14, and launching a small punt, committed himself to the angry strait which divides the island from La Maddalena. With only the lights on board the ships of war to guide him, the sound of oars in the guard-boats to warn him of their approach, compelled at one time to remain motionless, at another urging his little skiff to avoid discovery where the waves ran highest, he reached at length the opposite shore, and found shelter for the night with the widow of his old neighbour, Mr. Collins. In Sardinia Canzio had provided for him a bark, and the two men landed not without more narrow escapes at Vado, whence after wandering all night in the marshes they made their way in early morning to Leghorn. The Ministry now washed their hands of the whole matter—Cialdini only trying his powers of persuasion in one last interview, contrived by Crispi—and left the French to deal with the adventurer. And in fact the same day that Garibaldi arrived at Terna a French frigate was disembarking the first reinforcements at Civita Vecchia. Seven thousand Volunteers, strangely equipped and miserably armed, assembled under his command at Monte Rotondo. The little *borgo*, and the old Orsini Castle, stoutly defended by 400 of the Antibes Legion, were carried after twenty-seven hours' fighting, and the Garibaldini, swollen now to 15,000 men, set out merrily for the Anio in the full hope of entering Rome. For there were traitors within the city who for the sum of 4,000*l.* in gold were to deliver the Castle of St. Angelo into their hands. Unluckily for them the trusty agent had been for years a paid spy of Napoleon, and the same night that the city was to be betrayed a new Governor was appointed to the Castle, and the French moved in from Civita Vecchia. There was nothing for it but to fall back on Monte Rotondo, and discouragement now began to make its way among the ranks. A third of the little army melted away before they had regained the point from which they started; and those who remained now suffered grievously from the want of the most necessary supplies, for the cordon of troops along the frontier prevented all communications with their friends outside. Garibaldi professed himself confident as ever that the Italian people would not leave him "alone upon the sacred way to Rome." But the King had now openly disowned all sympathy with him, and his own movements lacked something of their once irresistible vigilance and promptitude. The Garibaldi of old would never, on the morning of Mentana, have delayed the departure of the troops till noon, nor been so ignorant of the movements of the French as not to suspect that they, as well as the Pontifical Zouaves, would probably encounter him midway. Yet Mentana, say what men will, was a day of honour to him and his Volunteers—inferior, even numerically, to their well-fed and well-equipped assailants; and fortunate was it for General Kanzer that the "wonder-working chassapôts" were close at hand to turn a defeat into a victory. The night had arrived when Garibaldi, yielding at last to the assurances of Fabrizi that a renewal of the contest in the morning would be impossible, gave orders to retreat on Passo Correse. There was no pursuit—a section of the force still held, indeed, the village of Mentana, surrendering next day on honourable terms. But to Garibaldi to retreat was bitter as death. "Perhaps," he muttered, "it had been better—" For the game on which he had staked so much was lost, the prestige of his name was dimmed, and Rome, the natural capital of Italy, was further out of reach than ever. He could not then foresee when, after brief imprisonment at Varignano, he was permitted once more to retire to Caprera, that the unsettled Roman difficulty, by preventing any possible alliance with the Empire, would save his country before three years were out from sharing with France her terrible reverses.

THE WAR OF 1870

OUR "foolish Garibaldi Who might have been crossed and starred With diamonds, and set among princes, And had gold for his reward" had for some years, we fear, tried the patience of the wise. But now when the way to Rome was a mere promenade along which former friends and foes were jostling one another for a front place, that he should be offering "all that was left of him" to his old enemy France in her extremity was surely folly beyond all endurance. The French themselves could not make it out. The Clericals among them hated him even more than they did the Prussians; the wiser heads among the Liberals were convinced that his object was to get back Nice. Later on they found great comfort in proving that Garibaldi's neglect of orders had prevented the success of Bourbaki's march; had been, indeed, the direct cause why 100,000 men were driven into Switzerland. The cooler Germans—not always the fairest of critics towards an enemy—are content to speak of his deeds as "Schein-erfolge"—successes showy rather than real. With less than 5,000 trustworthy troops when the defeat of Cambrils in the passage of the Vosges laid bare the entire district about Dijon to the enemy; with not more than 18,000, when three months later he was called upon to cover Bourbaki's flank against the overwhelming forces of Manteuffel, Garibaldi, old and crippled, could hardly be expected to do much. It was something if he alone among the generals of the Republic could count even such "Schein-erfolge" as the surprise of Chatillon and the defence of Dijon, and if his retreat at last (when left out of the armistice through M. Favre's lack of foresight) was effected without loss. Elected Deputy for Nice, Dijon, and Paris, he was forbidden, as a foreigner, even to address the Assembly, much less take his place there, by "the rurals" of Bordeaux. Renouncing his seat in a brief but dignified letter, Garibaldi now retired to Caprera, whence he issued his "Farewell to the Army of the Vosges," to which the French Government made courteous answer. His subsequent re-election for Algeria was the signal for more stormy scenes in the Assembly, but Victor Hugo only spoke a truth when he summed up the whole matter in his exaggerated way: "This was the only General who fought for France who was not conquered."

IV OLD AGE

VERY often in his vigorous prime, much oftener in his declining days, did Garibaldi need to be protected from his friends. A man of easily-excited sympathies, he was too often induced to write and say things which his own sober judgment would have kept back. Like our own Gladstone and the late "Iron Duke," he had the vice of answering every letter; and the pettiest agitators, provided only that they were enemies of despots and of "Jesuits," had only to address a missive to Caprera to receive at once a fraternal reply in terms which made old admirers shudder. And political enemies, taking advantage of these outbursts, strove hard to represent him as a firebrand, a man whose mere appearance on the mainland should be the signal for proclaiming "the State of Siege." Yet Garibaldi—however rash when it came to count the odds in a good cause—never countenanced disorder for disorder's sake. The Casa di Savoia, thwart him as it might, had not in all the realm a truer subject. When in 1871 the Clericals of Rome combined with the Republicans to make the anniversary of the Venti-Settembre occasion for a demonstration against the Government, it was to Garibaldi that Victor Emmanuel appealed, and Garibaldi who sent at once his son Ricciotti to the spot to divert the Republicans from their purpose. When he was elected for Rome in 1874, who does not remember how the muttered fears that Garibaldi would not take the Parliamentary oath were set to rest by the solemn "Giuro" in the clear, strong voice so many there had often heard in battle—the Right for once uniting with the Left in an irrepressible outburst of honest enthusiasm. Since 1875 his appearances were few and far between, and his dissatisfaction with the existing order more pronounced; for the accession to power of his old friends of the Left proved, he thought, a triumph rather of persons than of principles. His visit to Genoa after the arrest of his son-in-law, Canzio, for some imprudent demonstration; to Milan for the unveiling of the Mentana monument; to Naples for his health's sake; to Sicily, for the centenary of the Sicilian Vesper, though all somewhat touching incidents, were void of any political significance. His acceptance of the Presidency of the Lega della Democrazia in 1879 was little more than honorary. His letters on "Italia Irredenta," on the armed nation, on the priesthood, were hardly taken very seriously, even in Italy, though in Garibaldi's wildest utterances there is a kernel of sound sense from which wiser politicians might learn not a little if they chose. Once only in these later years did he bring forward any measure of importance. His scheme in 1875 for the improvement of the port of Rome by the construction of a navigable canal from a point above the city to the sea, a plan which he thought would relieve Rome from periodical inundations, and combine extensive reclamations of waste land with the formation of a first-class harbour at Fiumicino, was shelved both on financial and engineering grounds. Ingeniously devised and carefully worked out, it gained the approval of some able men, and certainly did Garibaldi no discredit. For the acceptance about the same time of a sum of money to pay debts which he himself had not incurred, even if nominally responsible for them, and of a pension, his family, not he, must be held responsible.

HOME AND HOUSEHOLD

"THAT peace after which the soul hungers, I can only enjoy here," said Garibaldi long ago of Caprera, and so continued to say until the end. Though altered much of recent years, and made splendid by the gifts of thousands of admirers, Caprera has never been better painted than by Colonel Veechij in 1861. The long, low house has been steadily added to, the rooms been filled with precious things; yachts and boats may be at anchor off the shore—one such was sent, we think in 1880, from Monte Video, constructed there, and sailed across the Atlantic by three courageous Italian seamen. But the main features are still the same as when first it caught the exile's fancy; and there, with his children, his cousins, and a few humble dependents who had followed his fortunes in sunshine and in shade, and later on with a second wife and a new family, the General was always most pleased to dwell. Garibaldi's matrimonial adventures were not invariably fortunate. The love match with Anita was indeed once only darkened through the death by fire of a little daughter, Rosa, locked accidentally in her room at Monte Video. But the shameful treachery practised on him in 1857, when he was induced to wed off-hand the daughter of the Marchese Raymondi, the mistress really of a false friend of his own, caused him in time considerable annoyance. Himself the most tolerant of mankind in all such matters, he was rather inclined to screen the culprits than to punish them; though he parted from the false bride at the church door. But when he wished to legalise his union with Signora Francesca, who had been brought to Caprera as nurse to his daughter, Madame Canzio's, infant children, this marriage became a dreadful obstacle. Fortunately for all, it had taken place in territory which still in 1859 belonged to Austria, and the Concordat between Vienna and Rome had specially provided for such emergencies. So after a somewhat tedious law-suit the Court of Appeal at length pronounced him free, and thus enabled him after weary waiting to legitimise by civil marriage with Francesca his youngest children Clelia and Manlio. And both in Francesca and his first

born son Menotti, the crippled veteran found two loving and attentive nurses.

Of Garibaldi as a writer of books, whether memoirs of his own early days, or novels in which the wildest phantasy runs riot as though rejoicing, even when the scene is laid in contemporary Rome or Sicily, to be emancipated from the trammels of everyday fact, there is little need to speak. His personal appearance in his earlier campaigns, "dressed as he was wont in the white poncho and the scarlet vest, Bare-headed, with the lion-flowing locks;" his leonine features full of sagacity and high resolve; his manly "form of middle size for feats of strength or exercise shaped in proportion rare," have long been familiar to young and old alike in the Old World and in the New.

LAST HOURS

THAT Garibaldi's life for the last few years hung upon a thread was but too plain to those who watched the wasted frame and the extreme feebleness so evident during his brief visits to the mainland, or who heard from Menotti how he had to be carried to and fro from his couch or his little basket-carriage. But there had been so many false alarms that the last attack of bronchial pneumonia caused less uneasiness than usual, and it was with surprise as well as grief that Rome received late on Friday night the news that the General had breathed his last at 6.30 that very evening—a fainting-fit was in reality mistaken for the death which ensued thereon two hours later—before the physician who had been sent for from Palermo could reach the island. All that remains to tell may be given from the very full correspondence of *The Times*. "During the last hours he asked several times if the steamer from Palermo, with Dr. Albanese on board, was in sight. He expressed regret at the delay, asked to see his young son, Manlio, and shortly afterwards breathed his last. Telegrams from Caprera say he appears as if asleep." His last wishes were that his body should be cremated, and the ashes enclosed "within an urn of granite to be placed upon the wall behind the sarcophagus of our children (Rosa and Anita, who both died in childhood), and beneath the acacia tree which covers it."

J. KEMPE



"DON'T send many books of travels," says the country subscriber to his Smith or Mudie. Why? Because travellers will keep to the old routes, and because so few of them write in the easy pleasant style which makes Mr. J. J. Aubertin's "Flight to Mexico" (Kegan Paul) such delightful reading. True, he breaks new ground; and, liking to do things out of season, he goes to Mexico in summer, not losing thereby any show-place save the wonderful Cave of Caca-huamilpa, vastly greater than even those of Adelsberg. Mr. Aubertin is very good at describing scenery, but he by no means confines himself to this. He contrasts Brazilian *fazendas* with Mexican *haciendas*; he discusses the annexation question, and concludes that the best thing for Mexico is that peaceable annexing which means the friendly immigration of Yankee families well supplied with money and energy. At the same time he warns the Mexicans that with the infusion of Northern capital a stop must be put to "those detestable revolutions," or the country will soon find itself forcibly annexed. The graphic account of "that brute Gutierrez" bullying Mr. L'Anson at Lima on the Wednesday, and on the next Friday hanging a naked corpse from the Catherine Tower of the Cathedral, brings before us the rapidity with which rulers come and go in what was once Spanish America. A melancholy interest attaches to the chapter on Querétaro. Lopez's treachery; the noble loyalty of the Indian General Mejia; the unhappy meddling of Princess Salm-Salm; the strange disgust for life which prevented Maximilian from escaping while escape was possible—all this is well told in Mr. Aubertin's record of his visit to the fatal Cerro. He was able to learn from Canon Soria a good many personal details, and his verdict is that Maximilian, who must have felt he had all along trusted to the wrong men, and had come out, professed Liberal that he was, as the nominee of the Ultramontanes, "could not have cared very much for life in his ultimate humiliating position between hawk and buzzard." The whole attempt at Imperialism he very fairly characterises as a vile civil war, "carried on in the desperate effort to establish by foreign armies a foreign government in the person of a foreign prince. The victim could not expect to be spared. He had stipulated that the foreign troops should stay with him four years, and his sword was always drawn and always dripping." Another scene of quite another kind of slaughter is Cholula, whose great earth pyramid overlooks the square in which Cortez had the unsuspecting natives shot down and hewn to pieces by thousands as an example to the vacillating Montezuma. Mr. Aubertin is rather sceptical as to the ascending terraces up which the Aztec processions used to wind to the place of human sacrifice. We should like to hear more of the line across Mexico, from Minatitlan to Tehuantepec, which is to bring new life to the old city of Oajaca; we should like, too, to hear of a Ten or Twelve Hours' Bill for Mexico; it is sad even for Indian factory hands to be at work from 3 A.M. to 9.30 P.M. The book ought to be read by all who want to have a pleasant introduction to a little-known subject.

One of the best sermons by the Rev. Henry Wright in "The Friendship of God, and Other Meditations on Holy Scripture" (Sampson Low and Co.) is on the "Aged Chieftain's Resolve." Son of the well-known Francis Wright, of Osmaston, near Ashbourne, the writer seemed marked out for the post of Secretary to the Church Missionary Society, so long held by Mr. Venn. How, after nine years of hard work, he was drowned while bathing in Coniston Lake, is told in the brief memoir which Mr. Bickersteth of Hampstead has pieced together from notices and funeral sermons. Mr. Wright also ministered at Hampstead. Most of these plain common-sense sermons were preached in St. Jude's, in that suburb.

Mr. G. Christopher Davies is too modest. He wants, he tells us, to write a book on the Broads, entering into the picturesque aspect of the country, and the manners, traditions, &c., of its amphibious inhabitants. Meanwhile, to his little "Handbook to the Rivers and Broads of Norfolk and Suffolk" (Jarrold) he simply looks "to elicit information." But let no one who wants to try the very enjoyable holiday change of a sail up the Bure and into the Broads which lie along it, think that therefore the Handbook will be no use. It is the very thing for such a trip; full of information, telling how each fishing-place may best be got at from the railway; practical in its hints about sport and steering; and yet no dull guide-book, but a pleasant pocket companion. It makes us hope he will not be long before he brings out his bigger volume.

In old John Company's days such a book as "Indian Outfits and Establishments" (Upcott Gill, Strand) was not needed; for everybody who went out had some friend or relative to advise what to take out and how to manage. Now it is quite different; the Civil Service man must often be rarer than the rawest "griffin," and then the Civil Service man oftener takes out a wife or sends for one than the cadet did. Ladies will find all they want in this most practical little work. It is full of useful information.

"Counsels to Candidates for Confirmation" (Elliot Stock) meets a want which every clergyman of a large parish must have felt. You can't say all you want to everybody; and even if you could Arch-deacon Bardsley has said it for you better and more tersely.

WHAT AMOUNT OF SUFFERING CAN BE AVOIDED IF WE ONLY KNEW HOW.

IT is often remarked how many more people than formerly complain of feeling unwell. It is not that there is a greater amount of contagious disease afloat, for there is proof that the extent and strength of such are far less than of yore, because of better sanitary arrangements and greater attention to cleanliness and other matters. The enormous prevalence cannot be doubted of pains in the back, side, and chest, enervated and languid feelings, with loss of energy; distress and fullness of the stomach, which often a sense of deadly faintness at its pit, which eating does not stay; sick headache, or so-called biliousness; unpleasant breath; a sense of weariness when rising in the morning, with an unpleasant taste in the mouth; and the loss of appetite, or non-enjoyment of food. These are but the mildest effects of "feeling unwell," and yet how great is the distress and suffering, with hindrance to business and pleasure they give rise to. The cause is not far to seek; it lies in the stomach and digestive organs, which have become impaired, to the distress of nearly all the other functions of the body. Assuredly, could the stomach always be kept in well-regulated condition through life, it would tend to far greater longevity than is now the case. The stomach is a wheel within wheels, and just as the least tendency on the part of a small but still important wheel of a clock leads to the disarrangement of its whole function as a time-keeper, so does the failure of so important a wheel as the digestive organs in the mechanism of the human frame throw, by their impaired vigour or inaction, all the parts depending on them—and they are legion—out of gear. Just as the winding of the clock will require to be adjusted that accurate time may be kept, so must the impaired organs of the stomach be restored to their original vigour. Digestion must be promoted by increasing the flow and strength of the gastric juice, and this "Seigel's Curative Syrup" will effectually do. It will impart strength to the stomach, invigorate the liver, and impart tone to the digestive organs, to the greater enjoyment of life and health of all who use it, and that it is so may be tested by a perusal of the testimonials in an Almanack, which will be furnished free of charge to any applicant by the proprietors, A. J. White, Limited, 21, Farringdon Road, London, E.C. The Syrup can be obtained from any chemist or medicine vendor.

The genuine "SEIGEL SYRUP AND PILLS" have the words "A. J. WHITE, Limited," engraved in the Government Stamp affixed to each Bottle and Box.

Waterloo House, London Stile, Chiswick.
February 17, 1882.

Messrs. White and Co., London.
Gentlemen, It is with great pleasure that I add my testimony to the wonderful effects of Seigel's Syrup. For years I had been suffering from bilious attacks, which began with giddiness; then a mist would come before my eyes, so that I should not be able to recognise any one or anything at the distance of a yard or two from my face. This would be followed by severe tremors of my knees, so that I could not stand without support; after which a severe headache would occur, lasting often two or three days. I have tried various remedies for these distressing symptoms, but until I tried Seigel's Syrup I had no relief. Since then I have had excellent health in every respect, and it ever feel a headache coming on, I take one dose of the Syrup, with arrests it.

Hoping that this testimonial may be the means of inducing others (who suffered as I used) to try the Syrup—as I feel sure they will receive speedy benefit, and ultimately be cured—I beg to remain, yours faithfully.
A. H. HORTON.

St. Mary's Street, Peterborough.
November 29, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite well again, Sir, your truly.
WILLIAM BENT.

Woodside, Aberdeen, September 9, 1881.

Respected Sir,—The sale of your Syrup continues with me most satisfactory, and just the other day I heard of a woman long ailing giving it all the credit of her recovery to health. Trusting a fresh circulation of your valued Almanack will result in mutual benefit, believe me, Sir, yours most sincerely,
ROBERT HALL.

From EDMUND RIORDAN, Main Street, Clogheen,
A. J. White, E.C., February 23, 1882.

Dear Sir,—A woman in this town had been for many months suffering from some complaint, but she did not know what it was. Her appetite was gone, she was weak and low-spirited, and could not attend to her work. The doctors gave her bottles; they did her no good. She was at last forced to take to her bed, and while lying there one day the man whom I employed left one of your pamphlets at her door. Her daughter read it for her; she came to me and bought a 2s. 6d. bottle of the Syrup, saying she was going to try if it would do her mother any good. She was able to sit up in the bed before the first bottle was finished, and after the second she came to me herself, and related the above account of how she was cured by MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP. This occurred nearly four years since, and she still continues in good health, and is never tired of recommending the Syrup and Pills, as she says she owes her life to them. If any person writes to me I can corroborate this statement, and will give name and address of the person alluded to (by her permission), and she will be but too happy to give an account of how she got cured to any person who may communicate with her.

Mr. Albert Archer, Chemist, Woodhouse, near Sheffield, writes, under date December 30, 1880: "I need scarcely say that the sales have been very good, and the medicine has given general satisfaction in every instance, particularly so in dyspepsia and stomach complaints."

Mr. Thomas D. Sneath, Chemist, 36, Stodman Street, Newark, Notts, writes, December 3, 1880: "I have sold more of Mother Seigel's Syrup than any patent medicine during the last two years. One lady who obtains it regularly of me has been a great sufferer, who is now able to attend to her business, and when she feels an attack coming on she takes a dose of the Syrup. I mention this, should you think well to publish it, others might be relieved by giving it a trial."

Mr. H. W. Blackadar, Chemist, of 53, Church Street, Landport, Portsmouth, writes, November 5, 1880: "I have lately come across some remarkably successful cases treated by your valuable medicine."

Prospect House, Bridport, Dorset,
December 22, 1879.

My Dear Sir,—I have for years suffered more or less from, to me, an unknown cause, but which from diagnosis I imagined to arise from disordered liver. Digestion was often extremely difficult, and consequently my appetite was much affected. Various medicines, so called, I have repeatedly tried, but failed to induce anything beyond a temporary benefit. I was induced by your agent to give the "CURATIVE SYRUP" a trial, and after taking the contents of one bottle, I invested in another, which is yet scarcely finished.

I am more than happy to be able to testify to the curative properties of the compound. That languid feeling which formerly unfitted me for business I have not yet since experienced, and, indeed, feel altogether a different being.

I am, Sir, yours very faithfully,
RICHARD OGDEN, Journalist.

A. J. White, Esq.
SEVERE CASE OF RHEUMATISM.
Cowper Street, California, Ipswich,
July 27, 1878.

Dear Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you that after taking Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup I am quite restored to health, after suffering for four years from the most excruciating pains. At times I could not move in my bed from rheumatism, and dropsy; but now, move in my bed from rheumatism, and dropsy; but now, work and walk free from pain. I send you this that you may let any of my fellow-sufferers know the great benefit I have received after taking your valuable medicine. I found great relief after taking it every day; and I am sure no one could have been a greater sufferer than myself.—Yours truly,
CHARLES SLATE.

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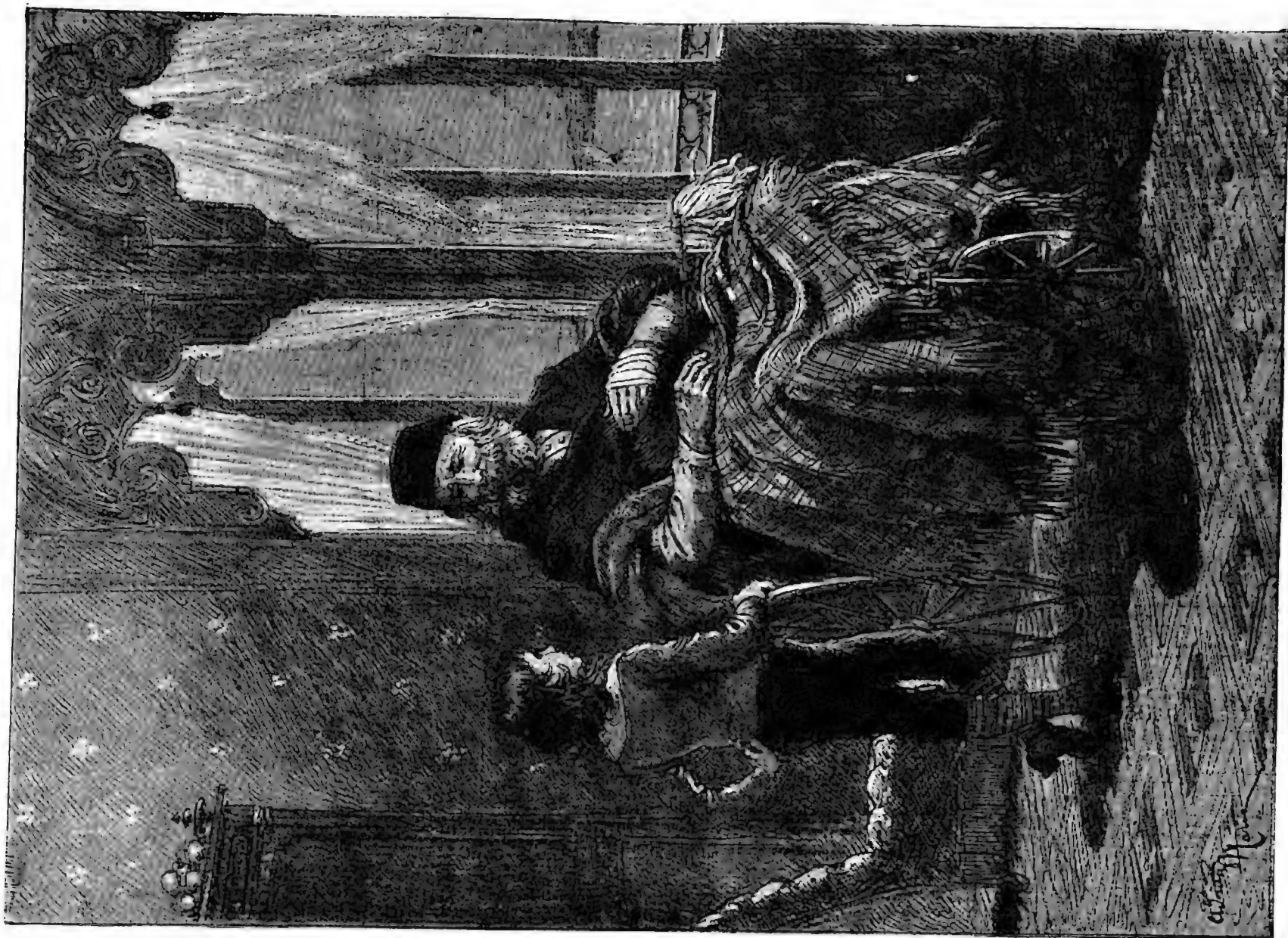
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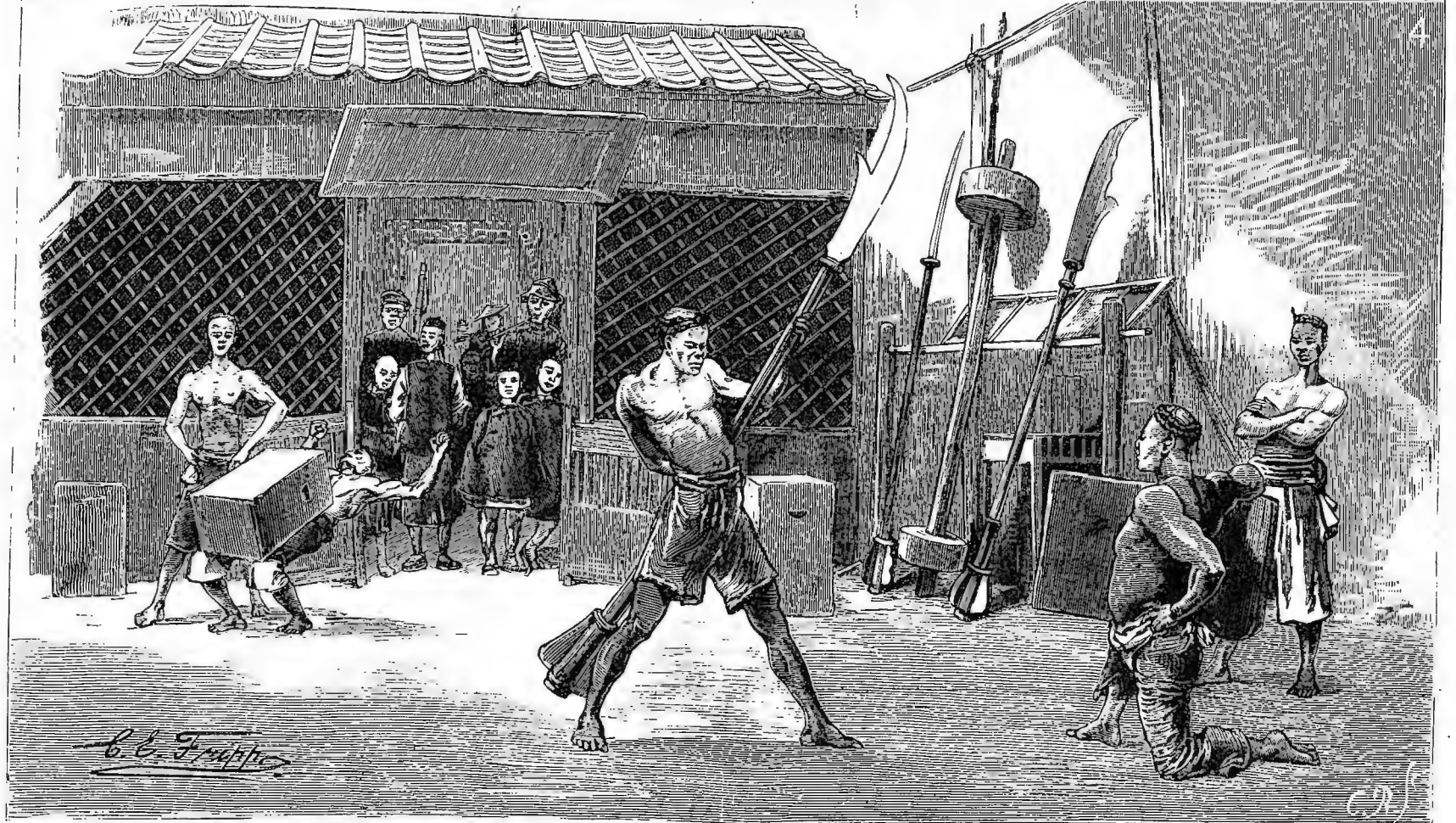
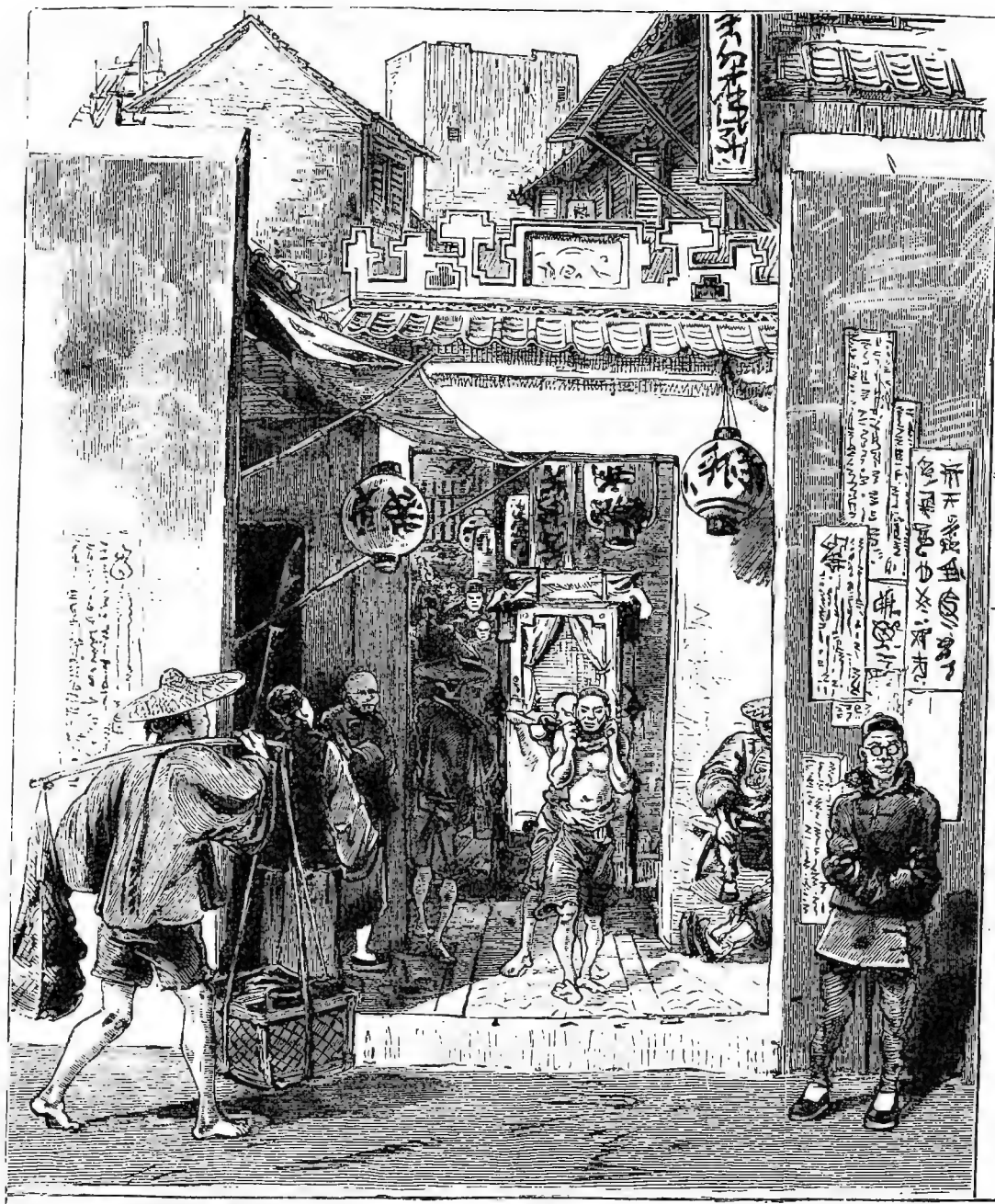


GARIBALDI IN 1832



GARIBALDI IN 1840

THE LIFE OF GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI



1. The Town Gate.—2. A Street Dentist.—3. A Palanquin.—4. Tartar Athletes.



THE EGYPTIAN CRISIS has entered upon a new phase by the formal intervention of the Sultan. The Anglo-French proposal of a Conference at Constantinople, although received somewhat coldly by the Powers, roused the Porte to action. The Sultan promptly answered the French and British Ambassadors' notification of the intended meeting by a circular, announcing the immediate despatch of a Turkish Commission to Egypt, bearing instructions mainly identical with the conditions laid down as the basis of the Conference—i.e., the maintenance of the *status quo*, the re-establishment of tranquillity, and the strengthening of the Khédive. Under these circumstances the Porte pointed out that the Conference was unnecessary, and declared that Turkey was perfectly capable of restoring order unaided. For the present, therefore, the Conference scheme temporarily remains in abeyance, awaiting the result of the Turkish Mission, which consists of over fifty persons, and has been chosen with unusual care. Dervish Pasha, the Chief Commissioner, has already proved his tact and experience in the defence of Batoum against the Russians, and the pacification of Albania, and his appointment is favourably regarded in Egypt, where, indeed, the news of the intended Mission at once restored public confidence in a great measure. Representatives of the Khédive, who had already telegraphed his gratitude to the Sultan, received the Mission on their landing at Alexandria on Wednesday, and Arabi and the military party also sent the Under-Secretary for War to welcome the Turks. Arabi, however, shows scant signs of conciliation, and it is thought probable that, if Dervish Pasha remain firm, Arabi will defy the Porte. At all events, preparations are being made for all emergencies, both the British and French squadrons at Alexandria being further reinforced, while Arabi has been strengthening the fortifications, and throwing up extensive earthworks in the harbour. These new defences caused much anxiety to the British commander, at whose request the Porte was asked to order the suspension of the works. The Sultan at once sent the command through the Khédive to Arabi, who after some demur complied, alleging that the works were only necessary repairs, and protesting against the presence of the foreign squadron. Opinions in Constantinople are much divided respecting the success of the Mission, but the general feeling in Turkish official circles is said to be that matters will never be peaceably settled under the present Khédive, who has made himself objectionable to the National party by his reliance on foreign aid. The Turks seem highly gratified at the opportunity of asserting their rights in Egypt, but they have been again reminded that they cannot manage affairs unaided by another Anglo-French communication, the Ambassadors having informed the Porte on Wednesday that their Governments did not consider Dervish Pasha's Mission made the Conference less necessary.

Meanwhile, in Egypt itself, all has been quiet, with the exception of a threatened military revolt at Cairo last week, which caused the Khédive to summon the Consuls for consultation respecting a new Ministry. The sudden tranquillity following the display of Turkish energy is generally considered to prove that the Porte is the true spring of the disturbances. On all sides the Turkish intervention is looked upon as a serious check to Anglo-French diplomacy.

FRANCE herself is not altogether favourable in her opinion of the national policy, and the position of the Government has been somewhat compromised by the Egyptian debate in the Chamber last week, when M. de Freycinet was imprudent enough to disregard Parliamentary practice by sketching the Ministerial policy to be followed at the Conference, and to pick a quarrel with M. Gambetta. The latter was equally violent, and although the Government won the day, owing in a great measure to the popular objection to overturn the Cabinet, the debate has done harm to all parties, and a considerable portion of the French Press have roundly complained of the vacillating policy of the Government. Most of the journals also are very bitter at the Turkish intervention, which, says the *République Française*, has compromised for a long time to come the French position in Egypt with so many efforts. Another Egyptian subject has been M. de Lesseps' annual report of the Suez Canal, which steadily increases in prosperity, the receipts exceeding 2,187,000*l.* The present disturbances, however, prevent M. de Lesseps from making the freshwater canal to supply Ismailia and the neighbourhood. Thus the interest in Egypt and the death of Garibaldi has fairly excluded all home political subjects, and the only item in the Chamber has been an interpellation respecting the conduct of the police towards the students in the late tumult in the Quartier Latin, which resulted in a fierce attack on the Bonapartists. The chief French Bishops have sent a remonstrance to the Deputies against the pending bills affecting the Church, which they declare threaten the safety of the Faith.

Notwithstanding the absorbing foreign preoccupations, PARIS has found time to enjoy the Grand Prix, which was won on Sunday by Bruce, whose victory was well received. Longchamps was crowded, particularly with ladies, whose toilettes were more eccentric than tasteful. The Paris season is now nearly over, and the theatres are closing, some to reopen with scratch companies, while the only important novelty is a stupid comedy at the Ambigu, *Les Cerises*, by M. Vast-Ricouard. Great interest has been felt in M. Hugo's new work "Torquemada," which is declared one of the finest of the poet's writings.

ITALY.—The death of General Garibaldi has aroused genuine sorrow throughout the country, and the demonstrations of sympathy have been heartfelt and universal. King Humbert was the first to send condolences to the family, the National Statute Fête was put off, the Chamber adjourned for a week, schools and places of amusement were shut, and every town in Italy has been in mourning. We publish a biography and account of the death of the late General in another column, but we may mention that Garibaldi's desire to be cremated, and his ashes placed near the tomb of his children, is not to be carried out after all, as it is stated that practical difficulties prevent the cremation. Accordingly his body was to be provisionally interred at Caprera on Thursday, and his family will thus probably yield to the national desire of ultimately placing Garibaldi in the Pantheon. This decision will place the Vatican in a dilemma, as the Clerical authorities are very averse to permit his burial in a church. Meanwhile Garibaldi's body has lain in State, dressed in the familiar red shirt, and crowds have flocked to Caprera to be present at the funeral. The Duke of Genoa represented the King, and official deputations came from the Ministry, Parliament, and the Army, so that Caprera was filled to the uttermost. A granite pyramid is to be erected over the temporary tomb, while monuments to the deceased hero will be raised in many Italian towns, and the Pro-Syndic of Rome has asked for his sword to be placed in the Capitol. Pensions to the family will also be provided by the country. Amidst all these demonstrations of mourning scarcely one journal—even amongst Garibaldi's opponents—has uttered anything but praise of the late General, the only exceptions to the rule being two small Clerical prints, which were punished by the Roman students sacking their premises, and afterwards making a demonstration against the Jesuits. All shades of feeling have united in honouring

Garibaldi's patriotism and noble character, even the Vatican journals paying homage to his memory.

Foreign opinion has been almost equally unanimous, and even in Uruguay a solemn funeral service will take place, Garibaldi having held the commission of General in the Republican army. Most regret has, perhaps, been felt in France, where, however, opinions are greatly divided; and while the Chamber adjourned as a mark of respect, remembering Garibaldi's sympathy for the French in 1870, the Paris Municipal Council had a serious quarrel respecting the despatch of a deputation to the funeral. The Clerical papers are bitter, and call Garibaldi some hard names, but the more important journals join in praise, the *Temps* styling him "the perfect type of the chivalric hero, inspired and artless." In Hungary warm regret is expressed at the death of the "high-souled patriot," and the House adopted a resolution of condolence. In Trieste, however, the energy of the Garibaldi sympathisers led to some slight disturbance.

INDIA.—Native troubles are again uppermost in the Central Provinces, a serious feud having broken out between the Khonds and the Kultas, resulting in the most barbarous massacres of the latter. The Khonds have been invaded by the Kultas for some years past, and gradually ousted from their former possessions, so that the animosity between the tribes is most bitter. A strong force of troops has been despatched to the spot.—Commercial circles are greatly agitated by the Secretary of State's intention to repeal the Petroleum Act, lately passed to prevent the entrance of dangerous oils, in order to permit the importation of several cargoes of inferior oil which have been seized at Calcutta. The action of the Legislative Council in the matter has been seriously condemned, and the authorities accordingly intend to await the result of scientific inquiries before coming to any decision.—The Maharajah of Bulrampore, one of the most faithful native Princes during the Mutiny, is dead.

UNITED STATES.—The iron industry in Pennsylvania and the neighbourhood is completely paralysed by a vast strike of the iron-workers. The masters refuse to give an increase of wages, the iron market having lately been dull and over-stocked, and an immense number of men are thereby thrown out of employ. The busy tract of country from Pittsburg to St. Louis is perfectly idle, and in the neighbourhood of Pittsburg alone 100,000 men are doing nothing. Moreover, the Pennsylvania Railroad has discharged a number of employes, and the struggle promises to be long and severe. Employers allege that they will lose more by yielding than by stopping work for six months. At present the men are fairly quiet, but one body of strikers attacked a train containing non-unionists, and injured several people.

Secretary Frelinghuysen's despatch to Mr. Lowell concerning the proposed modification of the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty has been laid before Congress. After sketching the history of the Treaty, and reasserting the Monroe doctrine, Mr. Frelinghuysen points out the changes in the condition of the United States since 1850. Then the country was poor, and anxious for foreign pecuniary assistance; now she possesses ample capital, and does not care to maintain a guarantee for a scheme which was not carried out by the original projectors. Nevertheless, the American Government are ready to retain some of the existing provisions of the Treaty, although unwilling to accept the British suggestion of a European Conference on the subject.

MISCELLANEOUS.—GERMANY is looking forward to the christening of the baby son of Prince and Princess William of Prussia, which will be celebrated to-morrow (Sunday) with great festivities at Potsdam. King Humbert of Italy, represented by Prince Amadeo, is one of the sponsors, amongst whom is Prince Bismarck. The Emperor's only living brother, Prince Charles, has broken his leg, and as he is eighty-one years old his condition causes great anxiety.—In RUSSIA the National Exhibition has opened at Moscow, and the Czar has so far emerged from his retirement as to attend an anniversary service in the St. Petersburg Cathedral in memory of the late Empress.—AUSTRIA finds the Jewish refugees arriving in such numbers that it is necessary to restrict the immigration. Brody and the neighbourhood are crowded, and the refugees are in a sad condition of health and destitution. Reports from the Herzegovina state that the insurrection shows signs of again bursting out.—In SOUTH AFRICA the late discontent in both Zululand and the Transvaal appears to be subsiding, and in the latter State the Triumvirate visited the British Resident on the Queen's Birthday, to express their loyalty towards England.



THE Queen will remain in the Highlands for another fortnight, and will then spend a short time at Windsor before going to the Isle of Wight. Her Majesty has received no visitors at Balmoral during the past week, and did not go to Crathie Church as usual on Sunday, Divine Service being performed at the Castle before the Queen and Princesses by the Rev. A. Campbell. The Royal party have, however, taken their usual walks and drives, and have visited Glen Gelder Shiel.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were present on Saturday at the ceremony of trooping the colours in honour of the Queen's birthday, the Prince with the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught joining the troops while the Princess and her daughters, with the Duchess of Teck and her children, watched the proceedings from the windows of the Horse Guards. In the afternoon the Prince went to the French Plays, where the Princess with the Duchess of Teck also went in the evening, while the Prince dined with Mr. Gladstone and subsequently attended Countess Granville's reception. On Monday the Prince and Princess visited Eton, and subsequently drove to Coworth Park, Sunningdale, to spend Ascot week. Here they have been entertaining a number of visitors, and on Tuesday went in semi-State to the races. The Prince and some of his guests were present on Wednesday, and on Thursday the Royal party again attended in State. The Prince and Princess were to give a dance last (Friday) night, and to-day (Saturday) will be present at the cricket match between I Zingari and the Windsor Garrison, closing the Ascot festivities by the usual picnic at Virginia Water.—The second State Concert at Buckingham Palace takes place on the 21st inst., and the next State Ball on the 28th.—The Prince and Princess will probably visit Newmarket during the July meeting.—Princes Albert Victor and George have arrived at Corfu.

The Duke of Edinburgh, on Saturday, was present at the First Lord of the Admiralty's official dinner, and subsequently attended Lady Granville's reception, where he was joined by the Duke of Connaught, who had been dining with the Secretary of State for War. Earlier in the day the Duke of Connaught accompanied the Duchess to the Civil Service Sports at Lillie Bridge, the Duchess distributing the prizes.—Prince and Princess Christian have been entertaining a large party for Ascot, at Cumberland Lodge.—Princess Louise reached Quebec on Sunday, after a rough passage in the *Sarmatian*. The Princess, however, suffered little from sea sickness, and looked very well on her arrival, when she was received by the Marquis of Lorne, and was presented with an address from the Mayor.—The Duke of Albany on Monday night dined with the officers of the Duke of Albany's Ross-shire Buffs, of which regiment he is honorary colonel.



"THE DUTY OF CHRISTIANITY TOWARDS JUDAISM" is the subject of a course of lectures now being delivered at St. James's Hall by M. Hyacinthe Loyson for the benefit of the cause of Catholic reform in France. In the first lecture, on Monday, M. Loyson spoke of Christians of the present day being in relation to God and religion descendants of the Jews of old, and after referring in terms of eloquent indignation to the recent persecutions, he cited the statement that there are now two million Jews waiting to return to their own country, and remarked that the new Eastern Question would find its best solution in the presence of large numbers of the Israelite nation in Palestine.

"GREAT PAUL," the new bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, was first sounded on Friday last week, and on Saturday, immediately after the ordinary afternoon service, the simple and solemn Dedication Service, consisting of the chanting of Psalms, followed by some appropriate prayers and a hymn, was conducted by Canon Gregory, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Simpson and one of the minor Canons, in the corridor by the Dean's Library, to which about 150 privileged visitors had been admitted. The big bell is only swung through a segment of a circle sufficient to send the clapper against the sound bow. The note is E flat, and the sound, as heard on the floor of the cathedral, is said to be very sweet and solemn.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—To-night (Saturday), at 8 P.M., a meeting convened by the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill Association will be held at Exeter Hall, under the presidency of the Earl of Dunraven. It is announced that the Bill has passed both Houses of Parliament in Canada, and has received the assent of the Governor-General.

THE DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH, prompted by the success of the Salvation Army, is about to hold a series of open-air services in the market-place of that city on Sunday evenings.

"THE CHRISTIAN ARMY," a band of Evangelists in rivalry of the "Salvation Army," is now, it is stated, being organised under the leadership of the Rev. Michael Baxter, the lecturer on "The Present Crisis and the Second Advent of Christ." It has already about thirty "stations" in different parts of the country.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE IRISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH began its sittings at Belfast on Monday, the Rev. J. J. Killan, of Belfast, being elected Moderator, in succession to the Rev. W. F. Stevenson, D.D., of Dublin.

THE CHRISTIAN EVIDENCE SOCIETY has arranged for the delivery of three lectures on "The Origin of Man," by Dr. de Pressensé, at Willis's Rooms, on the afternoons of June 15, 17, and 19, when the Duke of Argyll, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the French Ambassador will respectively preside.

ARCHDEACON DUNBAR, who has reopened St. Andrew's Chapel, Tavistock Place, has been made the defendant in a Chancery suit by which the Trustees of the Foundling Hospital seek to restrain him from performing Divine Service therein. The motion for an injunction came before Mr. Justice Chitty on Tuesday, but on the defendant's application was allowed to stand over until Friday next.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Now that Madame Patti seems to have abandoned the *Sonnambula*, in which, as far back as 1861, when quite a girl, she won her first laurels at Covent Garden Theatre, and now that Madame Albani, who, a good many years later, won similar distinction in the same opera, and on the same boards, but seldom appears in the guise of Amina, it falls to Madame Sembrich, the German stage songstress, to take temporary possession of the part of Bellini's adorable village-heroine. Madame Sembrich is a competent representative, more especially in a vocal sense, her command of florid execution being remarkable, and displayed to its utmost perfection in the *bravura* air ("Ah, non giunge"), which, after the plaintive address to the faded flowers, brings the opera to a joyous and animated climax. The temporarily-deceived lover was M. Mussart, a new comer, who, by his youth and fresh voice, made a sufficiently favourable impression, but has yet much to learn before he can be voted an acceptable Elvino. The Rudolpho was Signor de Reske. The first performance of *Lohengrin* would have been interesting, amid all the splendour of its "mounting," if only on account of Madame Albani's very charming impersonation of Elsa. There is almost as much to praise in Madame Albani's Elsa as in her Elizabeth, so unhesitatingly praised by Wagner himself. Mdle. Stahl, the new contralto, made a good impression in the ungrateful character of Ortrud, especially from a dramatic point of view. For the music generally, her voice possesses hardly sufficient power. There are points unreservedly to commend in the *Lohengrin* of M. Sylva, more particularly in regard to his declamation, but as a whole it can with fairness only be pronounced an average performance. Signor Cotogni's Telramund is justly esteemed for its earnestness and careful study; while as the King and Herald respectively MM. Gresse and Dauphin are both entitled to consideration. After *Lohengrin* came the immortal *Barbiere di Siviglia* of Rossini, with Madame Adelina Patti as Rosina. The other parts were sustained by Signors Nicolini, Cotogni, De Reske, and Sclara (Almaviva, Figaro, Basilio, and Bartolo). Mozart's enchanting comic opera, *Il Seraglio*, followed the *Barbiere*, so that we had, in immediate succession, two feasts of melody and harmony from the purest source—a refreshing treat as times go, enough to make one in love with music once more for its own sweet sake. The cast of *Il Seraglio* was with a single exception precisely the same as that of last year, the exception being Signor Frapollini, who replaced M. Vernet as Belmonte, and again afforded proof of his talent and versatility. Costanza is a part written for an exceptional voice, and therefore well suited to Madame Sembrich. With what ease and fluency this clever artist gives the two great airs, the second, "Che puro aspro al core" in particular, has been admitted by all critics, and, as before, she brought down the house by her truly astonishing achievement of the most difficult vocal feats. Madame Valleria repeated her success as Bionda, singing and acting the lively air, "Oh qual gioia," in perfection, and completely taking the house with her. Osmin the gardener once more confirmed the opinion that M. Gailhard is not only a good comedian but, though a French bass, can do full justice to the music of Mozart. In M. Soulaireux he finds a congenial partner, and the duet in which Pedrillo makes the jealous gardener drunk was, as rarely fails to be the case, one of the pointed hits of the evening, winning a double recall. Signor Sclara represented Selim Pacha.

MORE OF WAGNER.—Wagner refuses to allow his *Lohengrin* to be produced in Paris. The German text, he declares, would not

be understood, while a French version is out of the question. Nevertheless, he does not object to "fragments" from his operas being given, provided they be advertised as fragments. His works are for Germany, and can only be properly understood by Germans. Are we to deduce from this that *Fidelio*, the production of the greatest German who ever set words to music, can only be understood by Germans? We should be sorry if that were the case, because, with thousands of other benighted persons, we must have been dreaming for a lengthened series of years in more or less of a "fool's Paradise." With regard to *Lohengrin*, Wagner further adds that, its fame having already been made all over the world, it stands in no need of a Parisian verdict of approval—a fair retort for the reception accorded to his *Tannhauser* by the Parisians on a certain memorable occasion.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—The fifty-ninth Festival of the Lower Rhine, held this year in Aix-la-Chapelle, was unusually well attended, and proved a success. The conductor was Herr Willner, from Munich; the leading singers were Mdlles. Lilli Lehmann and Fides Keller, Herren Riese and Carl Meyer. The pianist was Dr. Hans von Bülow. The performances were much extolled, the orchestra being well balanced, and the chorus such as the public have long been accustomed to at these meetings, so often directed by the most renowned musicians—Felix Mendelssohn, Ferdinand Hiller, &c., for example. At Düsseldorf Mendelssohn brought out his *St. Paul* (1836), and at Aix-la-Chapelle he was the first to introduce the celebrated "Jenny Lind" to the Rhenish Festival public.

GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.—*Die Meistersinger*, which represents Wagner's peculiar idea of Italian opera, has been repeated. It seems to have taken the English, or rather German-English, public more surely than the whole of the *Ring des Nibelungen* in a lump, although it is no more legitimately comic than the other is legitimately tragic. Despite much that is sparkling and animated, and despite the "cuts" imperatively demanded, it remains cumbersome, lengthy, and often wearisome. Hans Sachs, the musical cobbler, chief of the master-singers, would be more amusing if less prolix, admirably as the character is portrayed by Herr Gura. The two lovers, whom Wagner, after different fashions, makes so conspicuous in his operas, are here but namby-pamby personages at the best, though on each occasion the parts were extremely well sustained—Eva at the first performance by Madame Sucher, at the second by Mdlle. Maltén (the Fidelio of last week); Walter Von Stolzing, at the first, by Herr Winkelmann, at the second by Herr Nachbaur. Sixtus Beckmesser, the town-clerk and appointed "marker" of sins against the "Tabulatur," at the contest for vocal supremacy the reward of which is the hand of Eva, daughter to Veit Pogner, the rich goldsmith, is certainly a humorous character, and Wagner has treated it, if somewhat uncouthly, in a vein of humour not to be questioned. The like may be said of David, apprentice to Hans Sachs, lover of Magdalene, Eva's nurse; and the like of Magdalene herself. Herr Ehrke impersonates Beckmesser with infinite life, and in the true spirit of what must be accepted as Wagnerian comedy; Herr Landau is also beyond criticism as David; while Mdlle. Schefsky (original Sieglinde in the *Walküre*, at Bayreuth) is a Magdalene to remember. Nor could Pogner, and Fitz Kothner, the baker, be in more competent hands than those of Herr Kögel and Dr. Kraus. In short, the performance, irrefragable from beginning to end, fully accounts for the unanimously favourable impression created by a comic opera, which, certain passages excepted, is anything rather than comic. How much this general excellence is due to Herr Richter, who has brought his chorus and orchestra to such perfection, need hardly be said.

WAIFS.—Signor Tamberlik will open the new theatre at Vigo with his Italian company.—Boito's *Mefistofele* has failed at the National Theatre, Pesth; while, on the other hand, Offenbach's posthumous opera, *Les Contes d'Hoffman*, has been received with general favour at the "Volks."—Among the revivals during the recent operatic season in Cologne were the *Idomeneo* and *Così fan Tutte* of Mozart—a hint to Hans Richter.—Encouraged by the success at Zurich, the members of the Vocal Union at Basle recently gave a grand performance of Bach's superb Mass in B minor at the Cathedral. The impression created was unmistakable.—The new Théâtre des Arts at Rouen, built to replace the old one destroyed by fire, is to open early in the autumn.—At the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid, Paisiello's *Barbiere di Siviglia* is about to be revived.—During the last performance of *Mignon*, at Berlin, where experiments with the electric light have been for some time going on at the Royal Opera House, the Emperor Wilhelm was conducted to the machine room, the whole system and process of the new invention being explained to him.



COMPLAINTS have been heard of a certain lack of variety in those impersonations in which it has pleased Madame Bernhardt-Damala to make her appearance at the Gaiety this season; but no diminution has yet been perceptible in the popularity which has attended her visits to London since her first appearance here, in 1879. Adrienne Lecouvreur, Marguerite Gauthier, and Esther in *Les Faux Menages*, are, alike, heroines who hope to rise from an equivocal position into a purer atmosphere under the ennobling influence of love. The story of *Frou-Frou* rather reverses this position of things; but it still bears a resemblance to two of these pieces in the circumstance that it ends with a heart-rending death scene, represented with all that minuteness of harrowing detail which seems to yield at all times infinite delight to Parisian audiences. These performances, however, have been witnessed during the last few days by full audiences; nor did the strong contrast afforded by the actress's famous impersonation in Victor Hugo's *Hernani* on Monday appear to be needed to excite fresh enthusiasm on her behalf. With the exception of the part of Esther, these performances may now be said to be familiar to Madame Bernhardt-Damala's English admirers. The combined passion and tenderness of her Adrienne, the heedless vivacity, the wounded pride, and the sorrowful repentance of her Gilberte; and the wild romance of her Doña Sol, with her dreamy languors and soft caressing utterances, are well remembered among us; and all that is to be said of them has already been said. *Les Faux Menages*, however, possessed the advantage of being new to our stage, while it presents the actress in a part which belongs more nearly to the domain of domestic drama than any of her previous impersonations which have been seen on our stage. Unfortunately, the subject of the piece is not one which easily awakens the sympathies of English audiences. The play is assuredly not an immoral one; it is, indeed, almost oppressively moral; but it handles topics which the English public prefer to see treated elsewhere rather than in the theatre. After the fashion set by M. Augier and M. Alexandre Dumas, it propounds, and, as it were, discusses in action, a moral thesis, which is something like this: Can a woman who has fallen so low as to become the mistress of a man, redeem herself and regain a position of respectability by any amount of extenuating circumstances? M. Pailleron, the author, is at immense pains to win for his fallen heroine the sympathy of the spectators. She is the mistress of Armand, it is true, but they have come together by a

sort of irresistible fate, and they are fondly and faithfully attached to each other. All that Armand wants is to convince his mother of Esther's good qualities, and this, in fact, he succeeds in doing. But whoever infers from this that the twain are, in the end, to be married, with the consent of parents, mistakes the spirit of the piece. It is just because M. Pailleron presents the case in the most favourable of all conceivable lights that he is enabled to give force to his doctrine of the hopelessness of the attempt to rehabilitate the woman who has forfeited the world's respect. These things, as he is anxious to impress upon us, cannot be; and in order to show, as it would seem, how independent this truth is of all extraneous considerations, it is from the mouth of a disreputable old father, himself the hero of a *faux ménage*, that the last word of the argument is allowed to fall. There is something, it must be confessed, revolting to English feeling in the spectacle of this grey-haired libertine admonishing his son that there is no course open but that of abandoning the woman whom he loves, and coolly reminding him that though he, this "castigator censorque minorum," had abandoned a wife for a mistress, he had never dreamed of permitting his mistress to adopt his name. But it would seem that in France such views are regarded as sound and wholesome; at least, they win the approval of an old abbé and confidential friend of the family, who, at all events, claims respect for this old reprobate "*pour grands que soient les torts du père et de l'épouse*." There was a pretty sort of tenderness in Madame Bernhardt's performance in the character of Esther, which gave the distinguishing notes of difference between this and other impersonations otherwise bearing a superficial resemblance; but there seems little probability of her being able to render this play a popular one in England. Both in *Les Faux Menages*, and in *Les Dames aux Camélias*, she has been efficiently supported by her husband as the representative in each case of the hero. M. Damala is altogether a presentable *jeune premier*, of middle height, slim figure, and expressive features. He acts, moreover, with self-possession and some force, and possesses a fairly good voice of a rather grave cast.

Mr. Byron's bucolic pastoral, in one scene, produced at TOOLE'S Theatre on Monday evening, is an amusing piece of absurdity, on which Mr. Toole will, after his fashion, be doubtless able to engraft abundance of humorous details. *The Villainous Squire and the Village Rose*—such is its title—is a partly-rewritten version of a trifle written by Mr. Byron some years ago for one of the Dramatic College Fêtes. Mr. Garden, Miss Emily Thorne, Mr. Shelton, and other members of the company co-operate in giving effect to the harmless absurdities of the piece, amidst which Mr. Toole, in gorgeous hunting costume, is the central figure. The rather over-poweringly picturesque scene, representing "The Village of Turmitfield," is officially stated to have been painted with an express view to the artists not being called before the curtain.

Mr. Irving has definitely settled to go to the United States this year on a rather long professional tour.

On Monday next Signor Rossi will appear at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre in *King Lear*. His engagement is limited to five nights. In accordance with a rather absurd fashion introduced by his fellow-countryman, Salvini, in the United States, he will speak an Italian version of the poet's lines; while his supporters—Mr. Ryder, Miss Louise Moodie, Mr. Vernon, and others—will speak the original text.

Madame Ristori, who is also about to return to us, will, on the other hand, play Lady Macbeth in English. She will make her appearance at DRURY LANE on the 3rd of July.

Miss Litton, having happily recovered from her late indisposition, has been performing all the week at the OLYMPIC Theatre in her original part of Nera in *Moths*.

At the benefit of Mr. E. H. Brooke, at the ADELPHI, on Wednesday, Mr. Irving gave for the first time a recitation of a poem by the late Miss Eliza Cook, entitled *The Gamesters*. Though not of a high order of poetry, this piece possesses certain dramatic qualities, and its delivery in Mr. Irving's picturesque manner produced a marked effect upon the audience.



THE SEASON.—Wheat is recovering a good colour, and on all fair lands its growth is vigorous enough. Wheat ears were gathered on 27th May at Blandford, in Dorsetshire, and on the 29th at Tunbridge and at Cliffe, in Kent. Oats are much improved, and are now fast covering the ground. Many fields of early varieties are already out in ear. Barley is making fair progress, but does not promise so well as oats. Peas are coming into blossom, and a large crop is promised. Winter beans are in full bloom, and are satisfactory. Tares look excellent, and will be as good a cut as we have had for some years past. Haymaking has begun in Sussex, and the grass is very thick and good. Throughout the country the hay is of fine promise. Trefolium is irregular, some fields having a very good cut, others in the same parish quite the reverse. Potatoes are growing nicely; the rain of 25th May was most timely as a stimulus. The strawberry gardens promise well, and gooseberries are not only plentiful, but of full size and excellent flavour. The currants vary, but, on the whole, an average crop is expected. Raspberry plantations should yield well. The growth of rhubarb this spring has been large. Wall fruit is promising where protected, but gardeners' hopes of a good tree-fruit year may be said to have already vanished. Pears and plums are not expected to be more than half of what is accounted a fair yield, and apples have suffered almost as poor a fate. Some owners of large cherry orchards have told us they are almost in despair. Mangold, where got in early, is a good plant. Stock continue to do well.

THE HOP GARDENS are sadly infested with insects, but as the attack has come early in the season there are hopes of its disappearing. The present time is very critical for the hop plant, but a thoroughly healthy growth leads us to expect that fly and lice may well be got under, should washing and other remedies be resorted to, and should the weather help the grower. Where the plants are weakly the planters are putting on spring dressings of rapeseed and artificial manures, but as a rule the plants are strong. The bine is generally of a good colour, and in some grounds is over the poles, although only once tied. It is currently believed that the acreage of hop gardens is increased from 1881, both in Kent and Sussex and in the West of England. Old hops are firmly held, and prices have risen about 25s. since Easter.

SHEARING TIME having arrived, the wool markets become a source of special interest to the stock owner. Prices seem firm, and the tone of trade is somewhat more cheerful and encouraging than it has been for some time back. Present value, however, is far from satisfactory. Long lustre wool is cheap and hard to sell, while Lincoln mixed fleeces can be bought for 10s. per lb., and South-downs only make one shilling. Many competent authorities say that there will be a good clip, as the flock is in far healthier condition than in 1880 or 1881, and the wool is of exceptionally fine quality. Wool is a very favourite article for keeping by the farmer if he has capital to spare, and the present appears a juncture in which he may fairly be advised to hold.

FARMERS IN WANT.—The Archbishop of Canterbury has done well in speaking a word on behalf of the Agricultural Benevolent Institution. "It seems to me," are the words of His Grace, "in every way appropriate that collections should from time to time be made in connection with the annual harvest thanksgiving services, especially in rural parishes. The agricultural distress of the last few years is well known to the clergy of the Church of England, and is brought home to many of them by bitter personal experience. I cannot doubt that the claims of the Agricultural Benevolent Institution will find advocates in many parishes, and I am willing that it should be made known that the Association meets with my cordial support."

TITHES AND CORN AVERAGES.—Norfolk Churchmen have been discussing the tithe question. Mr. C. S. Read moved at a meeting last week that in future the owner pay the rent-charge. Objecting to averages altogether, he asserted that a commuted sum ought to be a fixed rent-charge on the land. Mr. Read was hardly fair to the clergy when he implied they were rather hungry for their money, and often got their tithe before the landlord got his rent. Could poor clergymen tell of the situation in the more purely agricultural districts it would disclose a sad state of things, and show that the early demand for payment was dictated by stern necessity, and not prompted by a grasping selfishness. The meeting finally resolved:—1. That the owner should pay the tithe. 2. That a three years' average should be taken in lieu of one of seven years.



H. VICKERS.—A second edition of "A Singing Lesson, and How to Learn or Teach It," by Charles J. Bishenden, has just now been published. Clever and competent as is this vocalist and teacher for the task he has undertaken, he cannot fail to make more enemies than friends in his profession by his "remarks upon the impositions of self-called singing-masters; showing the widespread misery they cause their victims." Granted that there are many professors of music who are quite ignorant of their duties, at the same time there is a large number of teachers and singers who are quite as equal to teach and sing as is Mr. Bishenden. There is good sense and practical advice, however, in this little volume, for example, the study of oratorio and operatic music for the purpose of giving a good, full, and bold delivery; of paying due attention to the sense and pronunciation of the words,—but this is no new theory, we have heard it many times before; in fact the leading novelty of this work is the unqualified abuse which its author showers down upon his fellow-workers. It is really amusing to read the closing paragraph of a long tirade against musical tricksters, which runs thus:—"My chief reason for writing this is to put the public on their guard against these vocal vultures who are the cause of such widespread misery." "Women who call themselves teachers of singing and pianoforte" come in for their share of censure.

A. COX.—A bright and genial poem is "Do you Know?" by Fay Axtens; it is charmingly set to music by Humphrey J. Stark; the compass is from F on the first space to the octave above. Four vocal duets for the drawing-room have evidently been written and composed for the special benefit of his friends by Walter Maynard, there is nothing very new in them, but they are tuneful and refined. Three of these duets are dedicated to husbands and wives, in pairs, the fourth to two maidens. "Summer and Winter" is for tenor and contralto. "Life is Full of Happy Hours," for soprano and tenor; "Ding-Dong," for soprano and baritone; and "Daughters of Erin," for soprano and contralto.—A brace of pleasing after-dinner pieces, by Giulio Gardini, are "La Gondolella" and "L'Addio;" the former is the more original of the two.—The same remarks apply to "Gavotte" in B flat for the pianoforte; and "March" by Fred A. Dunster.—"The College March," by George Asch, is spirited, and the tune is well marked.

W. H. ROSS.—Hence come two pretty ballads for the drawing-room,—"Where Art Thou, Oh, My Darling," the plaintive wail of a bereaved lover, written and composed by M. G. Bewley and R. D. Campbell, and "On the Seas and Far Away," words by Burns, set to a simple melody by Henry Taylor, for a mezzo-soprano.—Easily and smoothly written after many a well-known model is "The Orchard Dew Valse," by Charles II. Osborne.

MISCELLANEOUS.—There is much originality and poetry in a French sonnet by Philibert de Chevarier, "Si vous étiez la Marguerite," which has been freely translated into English by N. G. Travers, and set to music by R. D. Valmency; the compass is from F on the fourth space to G above the lines; a tenor with a sweet voice and good taste will find this a very useful addition to his after-dinner *répertoire* (Messrs. Wood and Co.).—Very sentimental poetry by Matthew Gotterson has been set to a graceful melody by J. McLachlan Key; a tenor of medium compass will find "Divine and Sweet Reality" very congenial if he happens to be very much in love (Messrs. Paterson and Sons).—Showy and danceable, "The Dalmeny Valse," by Lionel Wright, will serve its purpose for a brief season (Messrs. J. Wightman and Son, Edinburgh).

NOTE.—The name of a song by Edward Holmes, "To Thee, My Love," was accidentally omitted in our review of the 27th May.

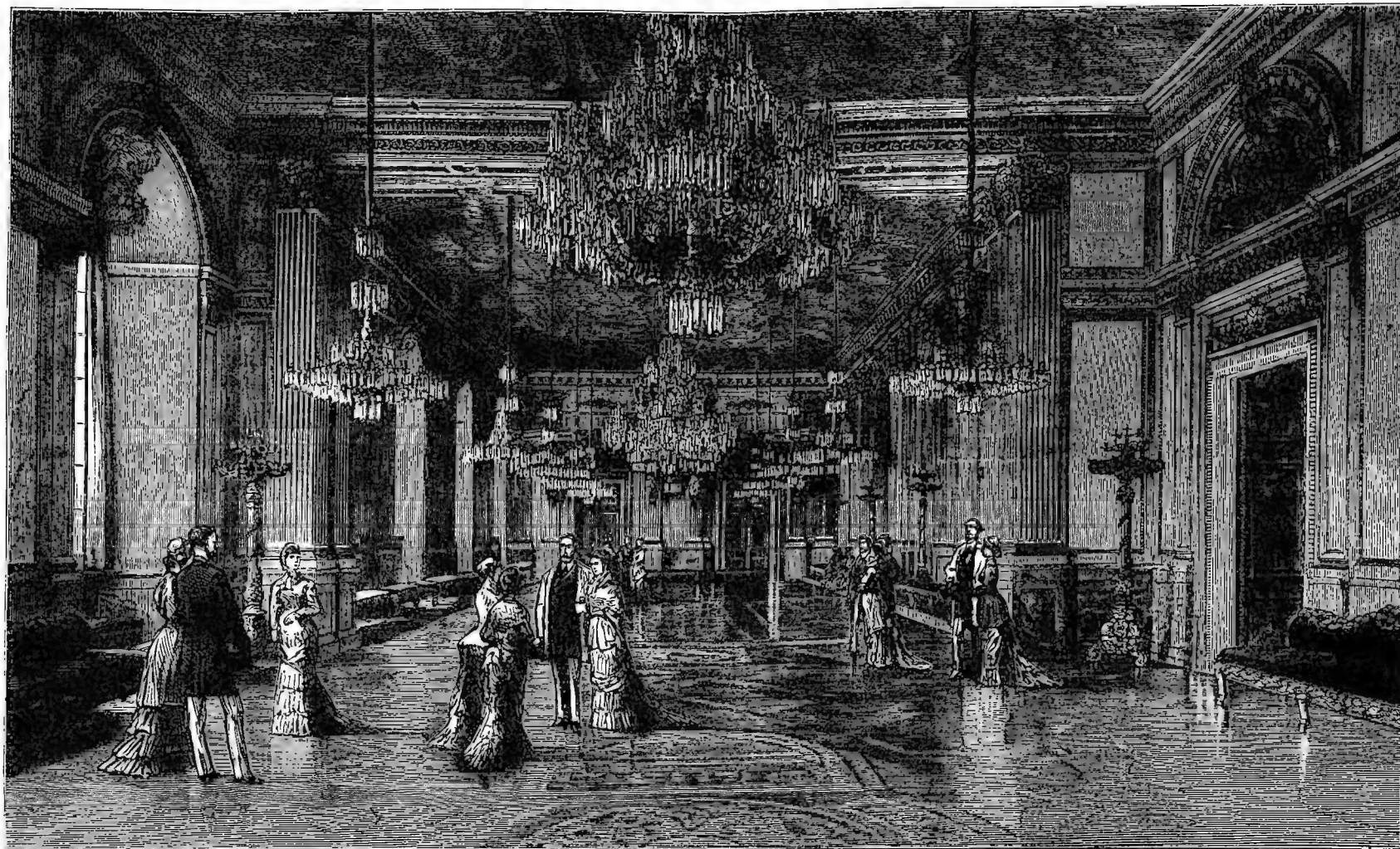


THE NEW JUDGE.—Mr. John Charles Day, Q.C., has been appointed to the judgeship in the Queen's Bench Division, vacant by the elevation of Mr. Justice Bowen to the Court of Appeal. Mr. Justice Day, who was sworn in on Monday before the Lord Chancellor, was called to the Bar of the Middle Temple in 1849, and has for many years enjoyed a very extensive practice, both in London and on circuit.

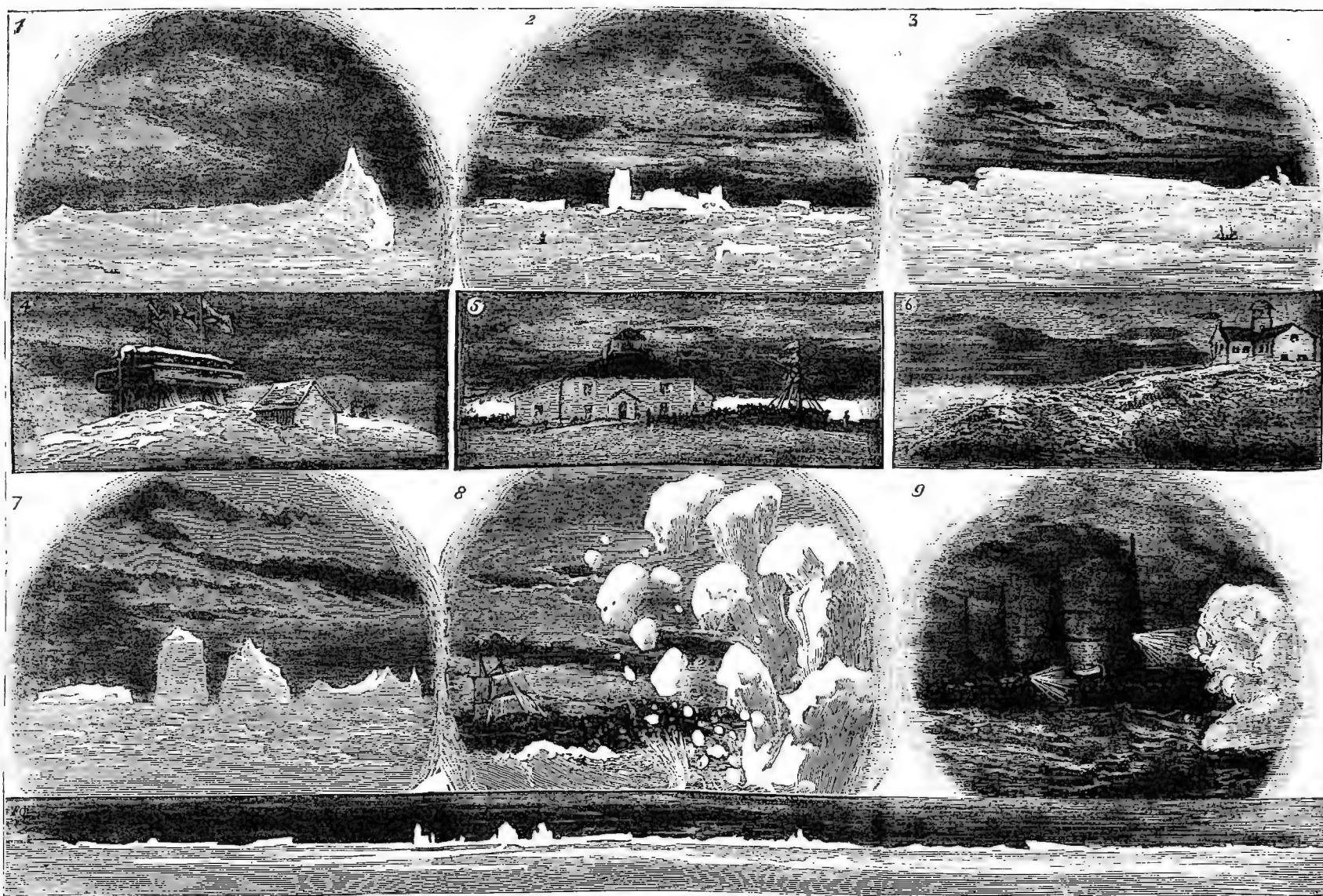
VICE-CHANCELLOR HALL is seriously ill, having had an attack of paralysis on Friday last week. Lord Penzance is also unwell.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES have very sensibly and most good-naturedly intervened on behalf of the man who was sentenced to a week's hard labour for misbehaviour whilst the Royal procession was passing through the streets of Leicester on Whit-Monday. On Friday the Prince telegraphed to the Mayor, who immediately went to the prison, and the fellow was then and there set at liberty by the chief warder, in the absence of the governor. When that official returned it was for the first time discovered that the release was wholly irregular, but the Home Secretary, being communicated with, forwarded the necessary order in the course of the day. The Princess has written to the Mayoress of Leicester, denying that she struck the man with her parasol, which she only held out to prevent the cavalry men from knocking him down under their horses.

THE "FREIHEIT" of last week contained another inflammatory article, headed "Revolutionary Signs in London," for the publication

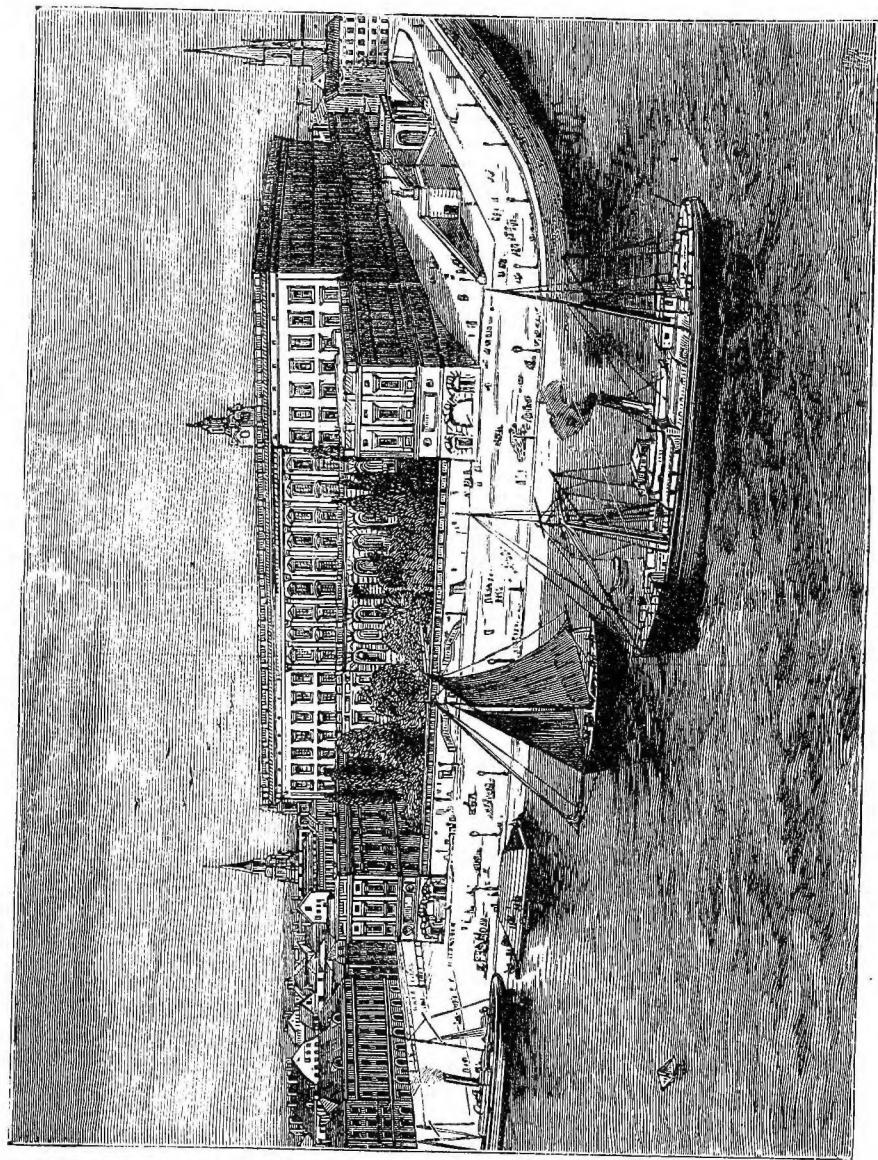


THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING AT STOCKHOLM — THE "WHITE SEA" SALOON IN THE ROYAL PALACE

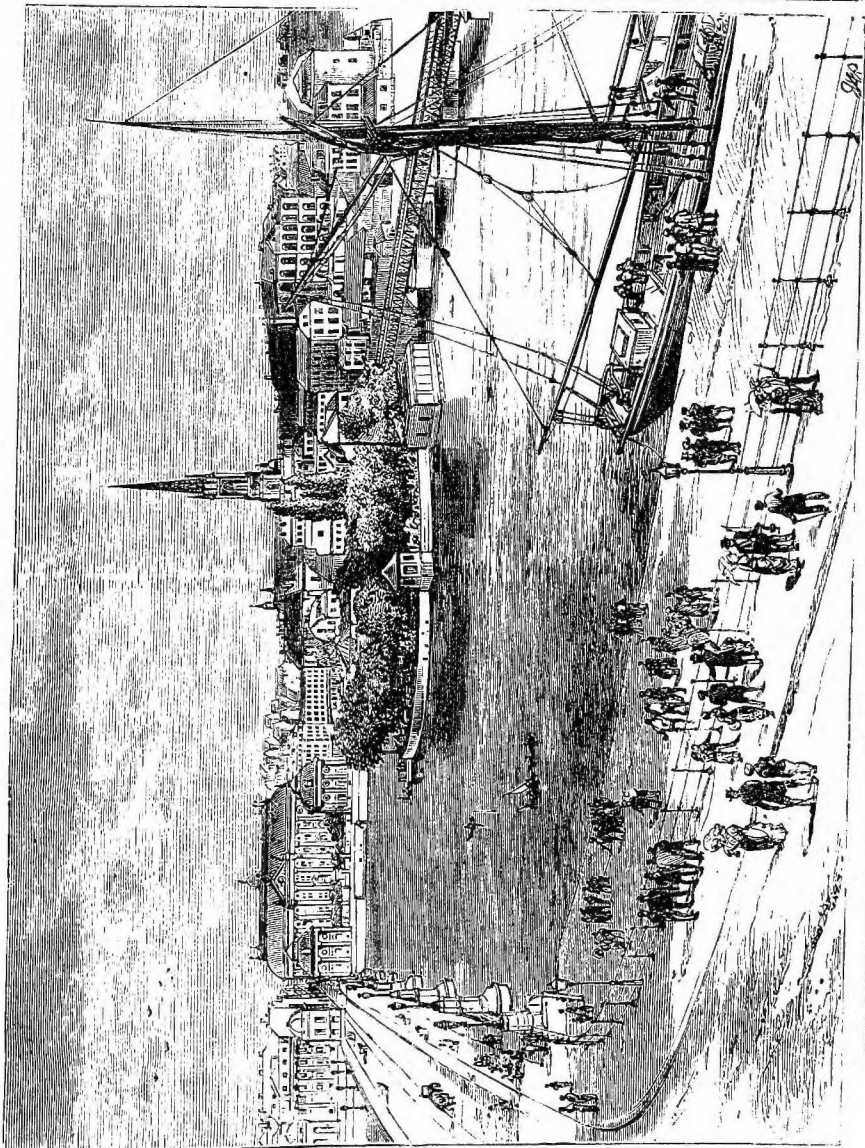


1. Iceberg One Mile and Three-quarters Long.—2. Iceberg 450 Feet High.—3. Iceberg Two Miles Long.—4. Blockhouse, Signal Hill, 680 Feet Above St. John's Harbour.
5. Cape Spear Lighthouse.—6. South Head Light, St. John's.—7. Iceberg 500 Feet High, 50 Miles Distant.—8. Iceberg Foundering.—9. The *Arizona*
Ramming an Iceberg.—10. Panorama of Icebergs, 30 Miles in Extent, 50 Miles Distant, as Seen from Cape Spear.

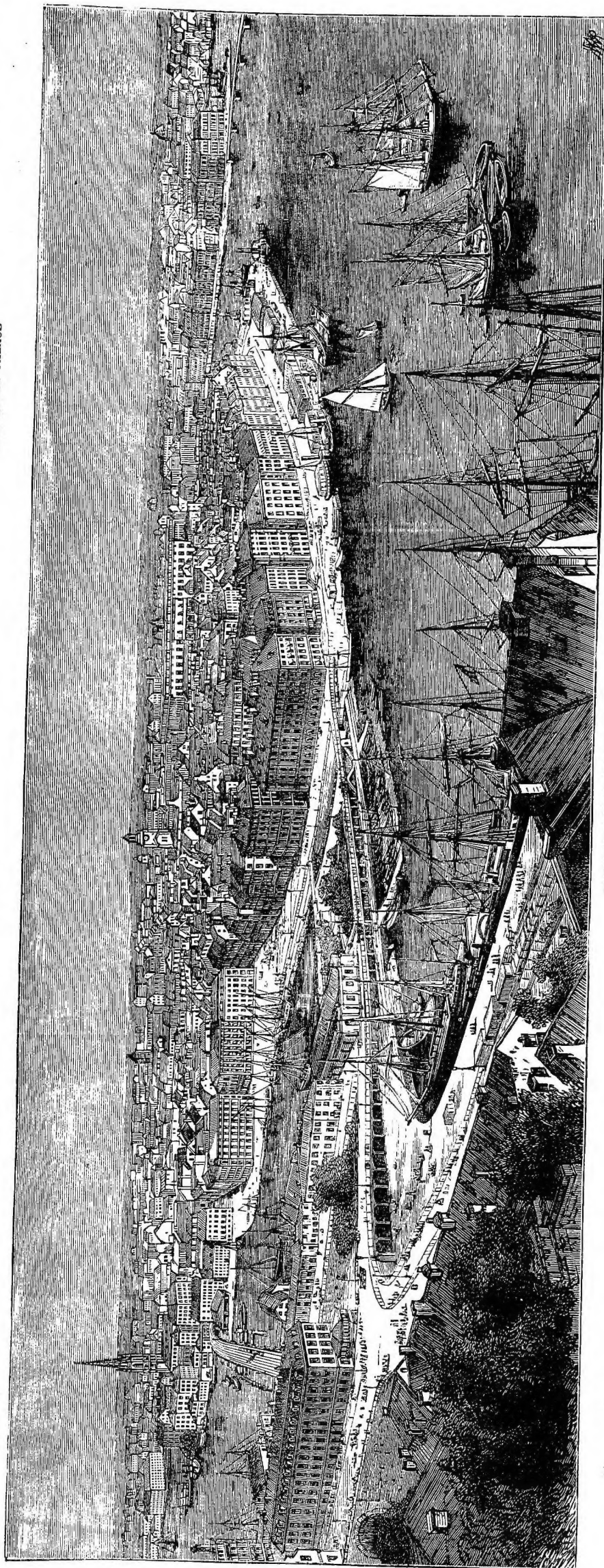
ICE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN



THE ROYAL PALACE



THE CATHEDRAL OF RIDDARHOLMEN, WHERE THE KINGS OF SWEDEN ARE CROWNED AND BURIED



PANORAMIC VIEW OF THE CITY

THE ROYAL SILVER WEDDING AT STOCKHOLM—VIEWS OF THE CITY

of which a German compositor, named Frederick Schwelm, has been arrested and remanded. He denies having anything to do with the *Freiheit*, but two copies were found upon him and a large number at his residence, whilst a printer identified him as the person who, on the 27th ult., called on him respecting the printing of the paper.

THE CURIOUS COPYRIGHT ACTION, in which the proprietors of *Punch* objected to the sale of their own paper, interleaved with advertisements, at a lower rate than the publishing price, has been settled by the prudent submission of the defendants to the terms of

the injunction sought for, Mr. Justice Chitty significantly remarking that he thought they had been very well advised.

COUNTY MAGISTRATES.—Lord Derby, in laying the foundation-stone of the new County Sessions House at Liverpool, entered into a defence of the "Great Unpaid," declaring that he did not believe that the public now desired to abolish them, and substitute a very costly army of stipendiaries. He, however, thought that some modifications in the method of administering local justice might be possible, and desirable; and, though himself a lay Chairman of Quarter Sessions, he had long thought that it would be better for

that office to be filled by a professional lawyer. If that course were adopted, and the jurisdiction of the magistrates were enlarged, a considerable portion of the work now done by judges might be transferred to the Quarter Sessions. As to the other part of the magistrates' work, their administrative business, he supposed they must make up their minds before long to hand over, if not the whole, at least the greater part to some body chosen upon the representative and elective principle, a change which he was quite prepared to accept, though he hoped that their successors would not let zeal outrun discretion.

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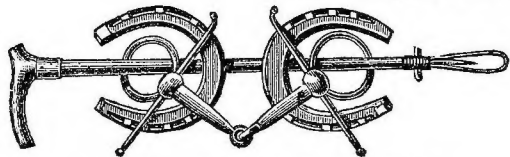
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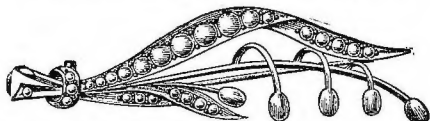
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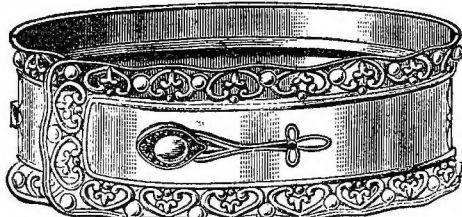
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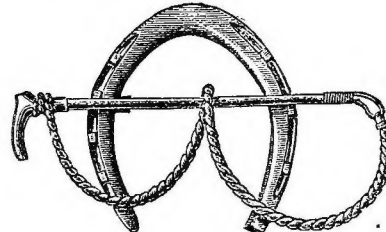
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MARRIAGE.
On the 6th inst., at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate, by the Vicar, the Rev. W. Boyd Carpenter, M.A., Hon. Canon of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. C. R. Gorton, M.A., Vicar of Walsby, Notts, and the Rev. A. W. Beard, M.A., Rector of Greenford, Middlesex, Arthur Dioso, only son of Martin Dioso, Esq., of Pembroke Villas, Bayswater, W., to EMMA FLORENCE ASSHETON, youngest and only surviving daughter of the late George W. Hill, Esq., of Carnarvon. Foreign and Colonial papers please copy.

DEATH.
At Broadfield, Port Glasgow, on the 3rd inst., ARTHUR FRANCIS STODDARD, Esq., of Broadfield, aged 71 years. Any friends omitted will please accept of this intimation.

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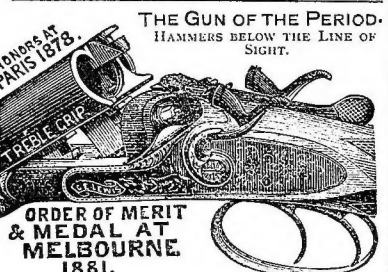
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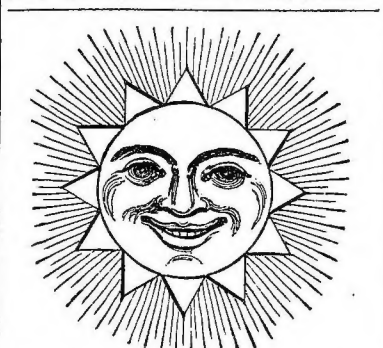
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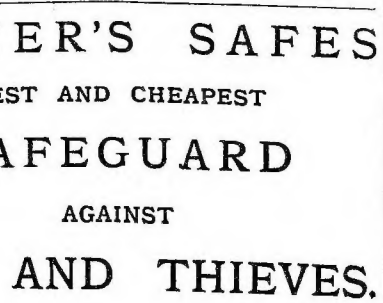
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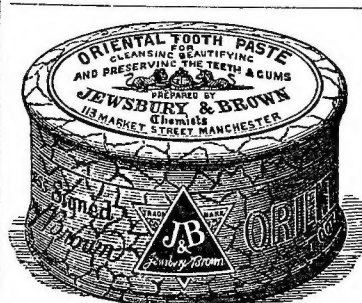
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